THE COMMONWEAL

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THE EVERLASTING KING

THE encyclical of Pope Pius XI dedicating the entire world, in the most formal and imposing fashion, to Christ, the King, is only a few weeks old, but there are already signs that it has impressed the imagination of the world to an extent commensurate with the manner of its announcement. It is at one and the same time a statement of eternal facts and a challenge to all the tendencies of the age which refuse to these facts their vital significance. It is addressed to the faithful, but so inherent in its phrases is a truth that all who call themselves Christian are forced to own, that it would be more exact to see in it a message addressed to the entire Christian world, with all the authority and all the assurance of the days when there was, in the western world, but one fold and one shepherd. It places the condemnation of the one authority that time has left unshaken upon a host of evils deplored by thinkers and preachers of all countries and of all faiths. By pointing directly to a solution it sets the issue in a form where none, however hostile to the authority of the Papacy, can affect to ignore it. What the response will be from those who do not recognize this primacy, time alone can show. But that it can count upon a sympathetic reception from all men of good will, is foreshadowed by the significant words of the head of the Berkeley Divinity school who, in The Witness, a national organ of the Episcopal church, pleads for a common observance of the festival of the Kingdom of Christ not only as "a move in the direction of Church unity," but as "an effective agency for spreading the Church's gospel of social righteousness."

A good many hard things that are being said about the age we live in are subjects for discussion. But few reasonable men and women would deny it a distinction all its own. Either it is a disillusioned age, par excellence, or the writers, publicists, and preachers to whom we look for light and guidance, and from whose relics, in the future, its quality will be gauged, are in a conspiracy to misrepresent it. So deeply infused is their thought with the quality of mental fatigue, so uncertain is their gesture of groping for remedies, that, in order to institute a comparison, we are forced to carry our imagination back to a period of which scant record exists, and reconstitute, so far as sympathy and historical understanding can reconstitute it, the state of mind of civilized mankind during the most tragic epoch of the world's history known to us—the century and a half that preceded the downfall of the Roman empire.

Is a civilization, by the very laws of its being, sub-

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ject to the same progressive decay as a human organism? Are the same manifestations that we note in the one—energy and hopefulness during youth, weight and authority throughout maturity, languor and numbness in senescence—inherent in the other? Are we in possession, through the acquired wisdom of centuries, of powers for renewal which the ancient world did not possess? Is there any reassurance in the fact that young men step into the shoes of old? Or may generation follow generation, doomed to watch the extinction of one hope after another, finding all their individual energy and freshness of outlook rendered nugatory by a force of descent as irresistible as the law of gravity? These are questions which a host of writers and thinkers are asking today. The fate of the world may not hang upon the answers we can give. But the mood and temper with which generations unborn tackle their problems—the direction which their efforts for betterment take—undoubtedly will.

In one respect individuals do not differ greatly from the mass. For both, disillusionment is generally the result of the nature of the demands made upon life. The law of compensations, which ordains that certain desires can only be fulfilled through a retrenchment of others, that sacrifice must balance achievement, is a law that does not play favorites. Indeed, what the world calls favorites of fortune, are the ones that most strikingly incur its penalties. For lack of its observance one swift runner after another has stumbled—one strong fighter after another seen the sun sink upon a stricken field.

No generation was so favored, materially, as the generation which came to bankruptcy twelve years ago, and of none were the demands so inordinate and so incompatible. As we watch it recede into the past, we stand aghast at the heavy drafts it made upon posterity, and at the easy confidence with which it replied to the occasional warnings uttered by lonely and unimpressed thinkers. It was a generation that insisted upon rights far more than upon duties, not seeing or not caring how ungrateful the demands of duty might one day appear in consequence. It was generous of political liberties, but kept no rein upon economic changes which would render such liberties a mockery. It was drunk with mechanical progress, and, as a consequence, all but a part of the substance of life today is spent in the effort to keep pace with its inventions. It created a formidable dualism by multiplying opportunities for enjoyment at the very time it made work a joyless affair. It bequeathed a world so complicated that many thinkers doubt whether free men can continue to operate it.

To such a generation the dedication of the entire world to Christ, the King, comes like a rift through the clouds. It lifts the entire conception of obedience above the disrepute that has overtaken it, and places supreme authority where alone it can be safely placed, in the over-lordship of Christ, Who was a conqueror by right of His own blood, and Who reigns over our wills because He reigns in our hearts.

The kings who have been good kings may be counted on the fingers of two hands, and those have been the best who most frankly owned the suzerainty of Christ and most humbly regarded themselves as mere delegates of a Higher Power. Monarchy fell because it was unfaithful to its trust. Thrones are emptied or filled by shadows because kings, for their own safety and security, chose rather to be the monarchs of courts and classes than accept the Divine law which sees in every soul, however mean and lowly its earthly state, something that has been bought at an inestimable price, and hence is of inestimable value.

The "laicism" against which the encyclical of Pius XI protests as the world's outstanding danger is no new thing, nor did it come into being when republics and government by consent of the governed replaced crown and orb and sceptre. It is quite simply the ignoring of God in government. But, in calling the attention of mankind to its perils, the Pontiff makes it very plain that no change in the forms under which authority is exercised will free its constituted heads from their dependence upon a higher power. "Authority suddenly seems to be derived, not from God, but from men, and consequently its foundations totter. Forgotten the first cause, there is no reason why one should command and another obey . . . If the heads of nations wish the safety of their governments and the growth and progress of their countries, they must not refuse to give, together with their peoples, public testimony of reverence and obedience to the Empire of Christ."

In a word, the change for which the Pontiff calls in his noble encyclical, is a change of hearts and not a change of vesture. A great deal of the world's disillusionment derives from the fact that the changes of the past hundred years have failed to secure the happiness of those whose spirit and blood were spent in bringing them to pass. Such a feeling is not to be confused with pessimism. Just as there is a degree in laicism deeper and deadlier than the most militant agnosticism, which does not trouble to fight with God, but smilingly excludes Him from its calculations, so there is an ultimate depth in disillusionment, which often wears the rosy garments of optimism and tells a world from which social injustice cries to heaven that, if it is not the best of all possible worlds, at any rate no other world is possible. It is the brand of Cain upon the brows of men who muffle their ears when the cry, "what did you with your brother Abel?" grows unpleasantly insistent. It is the stigma of the world for which Christ would not pray. It is a mephitic atmosphere in which the lamps of faith, hope, and charity burn feebly and fitfully. It is the laicism and disillusionment against which the raising of the banner of the Christ-King now dedicates the Christian to fight, heart and soul.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE growing need for a better understanding between American peoples is stressed by two among many recent incidents. Sir Robert Falconer's lectures on The United States from a Canadian Point of View indicate the genuine coöperative friendship which can exist between neighboring countries when political and economic fear is eliminated. What, on the other hand, is to be thought of our continued tilts with Mexico? Secretary Kellogg might reasonably be moved to remonstrate with a government which seemed to strike a legislative blow at our financial interests. We shall suffer from the enforced inactivity of our capital in Mexican mines and oil-wells. We should suffer even more were the new laws to ignore accepted practice and confiscate holdings of long standing. But we should suffer most from an attempt to support the dollar with soldiery and imperialistic tricks. The future of our relations with countries to the south will not be improved by following out the suggestion incorporated in so much financial comment on the situation—by lifting the embargo on arms so that revolution may break out in Mexico. It is precisely the relation between foreign money and political disturbance which induces the intelligent and patriotic Latin-American to try ruling out money. Why shouldn't he? For nearly one hundred years we have looked southward through the eyes of no goddess of liberty, but through the spectacles of sharpers, meddlers and militarists; and quite inevitably we have been taken for what we professed to be, during precious years when sound industrial and political foundations should have been laid and friendships established.

MEANTIME, the first Pan-American Congress of Journalists is scheduled to take place in Washington during the week of April 7. This will be an important event for all interested in the harmonies and prosperities that ought to exist permanently between our country and the republics of South and Central America; and the coming of several hundred publishers, including 100 directors of Spanish-American journals, should be made an occasion for the creation of really fraternal relations between the press representatives of the different parts of our continent. A Pan-American press association is an ideal to be fostered. If a proper moderation and judiciousness of taste can be observed in its administration, a great good can be accomplished. If the press is merely to be the means of a vaster circulation of the horrors and scandals of our day, we shall only add to the parlous discords of our present newspaper situation. Generally speaking, the South American newspapers enjoy an immunity as to their contents and expressions of opinions that is unknown even in the United States. There are some difficult adjustments to be presented to the Pan-American Congress of Journalists, and it is to be hoped that some of them will have a happy result.

A CONCEPTION of the proper function of government in labor disputes all his own, seems to be entertained by Mr. Noel Sargent, manager of the industrial relations department of the National Association of Manufacturers, who is just back from making a "minute study" of labor conditions in England, and who has been telling the students of Illinois University that much of the trouble in that harassed country is due to "meddlesome and usually unwise interference by politicians" in a matter so little within their province as the economic conditions of the mass of the people for whom they legislate. "Seldom," deplores Mr. Sargent, "are employers allowed to settle an important strike without their intervention." In warning his hearers against a similar tendency which he thinks he observes in this country, the speaker called "particular attention" to two recent instances—one the Illinois bill limiting the right of injunction, and another a rider, introduced into federal appropriation bills, forbidding the use of federal funds to prosecute labor unions for "otherwise criminal acts."

TO call government intervention, in a matter so vitally affecting the interests of the government as the conduct of industries on which millions of the governed depend for their livelihood, "interference" at all (in the sense used by Mr. Sargent) is to raise (and to beg) a very big question indeed. One might reasonably ask whether "interference" in the shape of high tariff is not responsible for much of the prosperity enjoyed by the men for whom, presumably, he speaks, and whether he and they would be satisfied were the sheer laws of demand and supply suffered to work

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themselves out not only in the sphere of wages, but in the sphere of production. Apart from this, one at least of the instances chosen to buttress his argument is singularly unfortunate. The use of the injunction to kill strikes at their inception is one of the most outstanding instances of effective "interference" by government that is possible to imagine. In considering its moral and legal justification, it makes no difference whatever that it comes from the judicial and not from the legislative branch. At first sight its limitation seems to be well in line with the policy of impartiality in labor troubles recently evidenced by the Executive in connection with the coal strike, and a step towards the clear field and no favor asked for by Mr. Sargent. Indeed, what seeps out from between the lines of his very significant speech is not resentment towards "interference" at all. It is a desire that interference should be left in the hands of that branch of our "checks and balances" least likely to be influenced by popular opinion and the popular vote.

ONE of the finest things done by Glenn Frank to justify Wisconsin's faith in his ability to conduct a university, is the appointment of Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn as professor of philosophy. It is a difficult thing to change the filing system in education. The attempt embroiled Dr. Meiklejohn in the kind of controversy which is not appreciated in academic circles, but it proved him one of the few men courageous enough to suspect that an America which is asking new things of education might be relatively pleased with a request granted. And what is this which President Frank stresses in making the appointment? We read with awe: "His philosophical studies have been enriched by fruitful contacts with activities outside the boundaries of his special subject." If this be not pedagogical revolution, the future will belong solely to the conservative. To suspect that a doctor of philosophy ought not merely to distinguish between the one thousand historical gradations of the noumenon, but might permissibly explore the habits of his generation—this is an airing drastic enough to leave the hallowed study dismayed and disheveled. But an age of education will learn sometime. The academic doors will open more and more widely to initiative and competence—to men for whom the conquest of life is as important as the eternal battle with their books.

THERE is no novelty in the remark that the endeavor to create a popular Christian theatre has met with success in Germany. But it is pleasant to know that one can estimate this success by the recent triumph of the poet, Leo Weismantel, whose play in honor of the Rhineland celebrations is so signally worthy of attention. He was favored, to be sure, with an unusual setting—the ruins of the Roman baths at Trier, which themselves stimulate imagination towards conception of the long ages of tangled human action, of fading color and eternal significance, that have passed since the first Christian martyrs announced that the world would succumb to the Divine empire of love. And indeed, it was this transcendent miracle of charity which Weismantel undertook to symbolize. The details of his story were drawn from a popular Rhenish legend concerning dim historical personages; but these the poet used only as a pianist might employ keys, to give expression to a symphonic meditation on the greatness and destiny of man as he walks "under the stars, in the garden of God." A particularly attractive refrain lies in the constant suggestion that charity, in the intention of Christendom, is not a mere individual adornment but verily the soul of the community. As a German critic declares—"Because Weismantel sees in every human being the weakness of the flesh and the strength of the 'armor of virtue,' he reveals the spirit of the Christian democracy. In his play a people arises, unified in its faith, mighty and alert to the activities of peace." It is a pity we cannot become more familiar with this kind of art.

OUR own constant discussion of American census figures suggests the interesting summary of the Catholic population of Germany, as published by the Kölnische Volkszeitung on the basis of statistics furnished by the official Catholic directory. It should be understood, of course, that these statistics apply to the year 1923. The total number of Catholics in the Reich—20,320,472—is almost exactly a third of the population. Forming a majority of citizens in the Rhenish provinces, Bavaria and Baden, Catholics share equally in the numerical strength of Westphalia, Silesia, and Hesse-Nassau, but are increasingly in the minority throughout Würtemburg, Saxony, Schleswig-Holstein, Brandenburg and East Prussia. It is generally admitted that a great deal of moral laxity followed the war; and the statistics on mixed marriage are particularly indicative of disregard for canonical legislation. Nearly one-half of those who contracted such marriages during the period under observation, were content with purely civil rites, so probably many children will be brought up outside the Church.

COMMENT is also invited by the fact that the list of important Reich functionaries includes proportionately few Catholics—eighty-one out of 680. While statistics would seem to argue for the injustice of this distribution, we must remember that the government of the Reich still takes for granted the supremacy of Prussia, and that the Centrum is a minority party. The inequality can be accounted for to a large extent also when it is borne in mind that the German system leaves the separate states considerable autonomy, so that the prominent officials of Bavaria and the Rhenish provinces, to mention only two cases, are frequently Catholics. More important to the observer than all such matters, is the indubitable fact that during the

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last few years a stirring revival of loyalty to the Church has been in progress, influencing not only the spiritual life of the masses but winning new respect for social principle staunchly asserted, and for intellectual effort honestly put forward.

THE undertaking given by the British colonel that his regiment would fight to the last man so long as there was someone to bring the last man his rations, about sums up the outlook of the soldier in all countries and in all epochs, toward the duties of the commissariat department. When such an authority as Major General John F. O'Ryan, who commanded the famous Twenty-seventh division overseas, tells an audience of veterans that the army is being starved, not in any metaphorical, but in a very literal sense, and that the question is no longer the old one, "when do we eat?", but "do we eat at all?", it is to be hoped that due heed will be taken to his strictures. Certainly, on the face of it, and unless currency undergoes a change into something very rich and strange when it passes into army hands and pockets, thirty-three cents per day for "three squares" does not suggest a dietary very rich in proteids and calories.

A CRITICAL attitude toward his rations is an age-long tradition with the fighting man, and even the great precursor of the Messiah, when telling the soldier to be "content with his pay," seems to have tactfully avoided the subject of messing. But that it has at times reached a crisis in our American army is to be gathered from some of the old tales of campaigners, preserved in diaries and biographies. This is how General Hugh Brady, that stout old fighter who dictated his reminiscences in old age (he died as late as 1851) describes the food served out to Uncle Sam's regulars during the infancy of the republic: "During that winter—1794-1795—we lived very poorly. Our beef came to us on the hoof, and poor, and we had little or nothing to fatten them with. Having no salt to cure it, it was slaughtered and hung up under a shed, where, by exposure, it became perfectly weather-beaten, and as tough as an old hide."

STORIES that feature the versatility of the sovereign Pontiff in many provinces not necessarily associated with clerical life are becoming a familiar feature in the columns of the daily press, and there can be no doubt, the world being what it is, that they play an important part in furthering an idea of Pius XI as one of the most "human" of the many distinguished and saintly men who have sat in the seat of the Fisherman. Signor Amadore Porcella, a distinguished art critic, has just been reminding the Roman public that the Pope, while still Monsignor Ratti, and librarian of the Ambrogiana Library, was an art critic of the keenest and most authoritative calibre. Three studies by him, published in the Rassegna d'Arte between the years 1910 and 1912, would be sufficient to earn him this reputation. One refers to a painting on copper, the joint work of Bruegel and Rubens, representing the Madonna and Child, which the scholarly Cardinal not only ascribed to its true source by meticulous examination only possible with one to whom the technical side of art was familiar ground, but of which he gave an historical account, based on little-known correspondence between Bruegel and Cardinal Borromeo of Milan. The other articles definitely ascribed the authorship of certain speculative paintings to Luini, a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, and dispersed an undeserved obscurity which covers a miniature painter of Milan named Fra da Monza.

ANOTHER anecdote, reported by the Roman correspondent of La Vie Catholique, throws some light upon the wide-reaching erudition acquired by the Pontiff while in charge of the Ambrosian Library. During a visit from Archbishop Mostyn of Cardiff, himself the descendant of an ancient Welsh family, which gave martyrs and confessors to the Faith during penal days, the talk turned upon the place of Welsh among the Celtic languages. In the course of the interview, the former Monsignor Ratti not only showed a real acquaintance with the philology of the Cambrian tongue, but was able to cite textually phrases from a grammar of the language published at Milan by a Welsh historian, Griffith Roberts, who was exiled for his religious beliefs during the reign of Elizabeth and became vicar-general of the Lombardian diocese. "We see," says La Vie Catholique, in commenting on the picturesque incident, "that the Holy Father, in his day of office, was a model librarian, knowing his books, not only by their names, but by their contents as well."

MORE than once in these columns attention has been called to the very remarkable part played by Catholic priests in the realm of prehistoric archaeology. The labors of a very early worker in this field are now being recalled by the publication in Blackfriars, the monthly of the English Dominicans, of an account of the life and work of the Reverend John McEnery, who was born in 1796, became a priest, and was appointed private chaplain to the Catholic family of Carey, then living at Tor Abbey near Torquay, that lovely spot on the Devonshire coast. This was at the time when the penal laws against Catholics had been largely relaxed, though before Catholic emancipation had come into effect, and it was, in fact, these little private chapels, maintained by well-to-do families in different parts of the country, which kept the light of the Faith burning in England during the long, dark period of persecution.

NEAR Torquay there is a remarkable cave named Kent's Hole, which, though known to exist, had been lost for many years until rediscovered by Father

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McEnery. Like many caves it is full of stalactitic formations, and near the entrance on a boss of rock is carved the inscription, now covered by stalagmite, "Robert Hedges of Ireland, 1688," which was in all probability cut by some Irish fugitive "on his keeping" from the myrmidons of Dutch William. The inscription was there when the cave was rediscovered and many fallacious opinions as to the date of the other objects found in it were formed by those who were ignorant of the great variations in the rate of the deposit of stalagmite. The treasure-trove unearthed by Father McEnery included immense quantities of the bones of extinct animals and implements both of bone and stone, the work of the prehistoric inhabitants of that part of what is now an island but was then probably part of the continent we call Europe. His observations were challenged by no less a person than Cuvier; also by Dean Buckland, at that time the leading geologist in England and the author of the once well-known book, Reliquiae Diluvianae, though it is difficult to understand on what grounds. Buckland's book was founded on observations made in the Kirkland cave in Yorkshire, and in accordance with the ideas of the time he held that all these bones and other objects had been washed into the caves by the universal deluge.

McENERY had nothing but his modest salary as chaplain. There were no societies in those days to publish scientific records, and as he could not afford to do so himself, his collection of specimens was sold at auction after his death in 1841, and his invaluable notes of observation, probably regarded as of no use, either went to light the abbey fires, or disappeared in some other manner. Years afterwards, Mr. Pengelly, a Cornish geologist who was a later explorer of the cave, in some way got hold of McEnery's manuscript account of his discovery, presumably intended as an introduction to his detailed observations. Pengelly's publication of these notes rescued the name of the obscure priest from oblivion.

ONE PATRON OF JOURNALISM

SURELY Voltaire as patron of journalism in France may be conceded. The choice seems quite logical to anyone who knows French journalistic methods. To such, Voltaire is unquestionably the brilliant forerunner of that school which trims its facts to fit its thesis; that school which has spread from France to all the Latin countries, and which has some eminent exponents in our own. The little philosopher gnome was a past master in "publicity", in selecting popular appeals to increase his own importance and nourish his own vanity—an outstanding quality of his which possibly might account more nearly for his philosophies than most people would be willing to grant. One of the best illustrations of his genius for publicity is the famous Calas case (famous because of him) revived recently by a correspondent of the New York Times, quoting Hendrik Willem Van Loon.

Whether Calas was innocent or guilty, Voltaire's methods show forth more clearly in his handling of that murder trial. Henri-Robert ("de l'Académie Française, ancien batonnier") has a series of essays (Les Grands Procès de l'Histoire, Payot, Paris) entirely worthy of the preface written for them by Louis Barthou, a brilliant résume of the evidence of celebrated cases to which he has had access in his long connection with the courts of justice in France. Voltaire, Defender of Calas, is one of the five studies of famous semi-political trials which compose the first volume. Maitre Robert reconstitutes the conditions of the period, political, social, and religious; he takes the evidence upon which the elder Calas was tried, condemned, sentenced, and broken on the wheel, and shows how completely all that evidence was ignored by Voltaire when he saw in this trial an opportunity to mount his hobby and run a course with both Church and state, as defender of tolerance and liberty of conscience. "These briefs for Calas," the cynical little philosopher could write in a letter to d'Alembert, September 15, 1762, "are only written to work up men's minds, to give me the pleasure of ridiculing and holding up to execration a parliament and the white penitents!"

It is evident from his private correspondence that he was far less interested in a Huguenot father who had—according to the evidence—strangled his son because of that son's conversion, than in an excellent occasion to pursue his perennial warfare against the state and against religion, with an excited mob at his back—a mob which he had himself excited. Voltaire had many ancient scores to pay—private and public scores; the king and parliament, the Church, judges and police.

He writes to Cardinal de Bernis: "May I beg your Eminence to tell me what I should think of this frightful affair of Calas, broken on the wheel at Toulouse, for the murder of his son? People here [he had only heard it that day, and the people of his village heard it from him!] believe him innocent . . ." The Cardinal replied: "I do not believe that a Protestant is more apt to commit an atrocious crime than a Catholic; neither do I believe, without convincing proof, that magistrates conspire together to commit a horrible injustice."

He writes everywhere and to everyone from whom he could hope to obtain any fact upon which to base his proposed campaign. He admits to Damilaville that: "Catholics and Protestants alike have told me that there is no doubt of Calas's guilt. They have all advised me, unanimously, not to touch such a bad case; everyone has condemned me, but I have persisted." So, having no single fact upon which to base his proposed attack, no single confutation of the evi-

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dence upon which Calas was executed, Voitaire-like he throws mere facts and evidence to the winds and charges home on liberty of conscience!

In the height of his furious charge he finds time to write to a lady: "It is true, mademoiselle, that I asked M. de Chazelles for information concerning this horrible affair of Calas. I told him of the outcry of all the foreigners [!] who surround me, but I could not possibly have given him my own opinion on the matter, for I have none whatever." This did not in the least prevent or interfere with his exhortation to all his fellow workers in the cause: "Criez, et qu'on crie!" As soon as he could find out sufficient detail to enable him to know at least the names of the people concerned, he proceeded to bombard the outside world with "facts" of his own invention, regardless of public knowledge in the city and province where the incident occurred. So violent was the storm he raised, so great the pressure he was able to bring to bear upon the government in three years of ceaseless repetition and insistence, that the parliament of Paris (having no jurisdiction whatever over the parliament of Toulouse) declared the latter's act invalid and "rehabilitated" Calas, long since dead, in order to calm public opinion. The Toulouse parliament, be it noted, sovereign in its own province of France, has ever refused utterly to erase from its files—as ordered—the act of condemnation. It is a most perfect example of the forming of opinion by "publicity", and the influence of publicity upon "history". It cannot honestly be said (except in darkest ignorance) that Voltaire contributed anything here to light and justice.

Some twenty years ago a farcical example of this same school of journalism occurred in Korea. A correspondent of one of our important daily papers, to illustrate the creative power of the press in such matters, published in his Sunday edition a full page of romance, woven of purest moonshine, concerning a beautiful but fictitious American missionary in Korea, one Emily Brown, for love of whom the emperor had consented to establish as state religion the particular belief that she professed. He married her, according to the Sunday page, and raised her to be empress. The tale was adorned with photographs of gorgeous native wedding processions, of Emily herself in simple American garb, and of the American minister to Korea who had "given her away," together with portraits of the American adviser to the emperor and the British Commissioner of Customs, who happened to be prominent in the public view at the moment. Years later, quite serious books of reference carried "Emily Brown" with Rajah Brooke in lists of foreigners who had become rulers in the East.

Voltaire understood extremely well the manipulation of the time-worn proverb: "Where there is smoke, there's fire." His school has made no advance upon his methods—it would be difficult to do so—but it is, on the whole, a school worthy of the master.

OSBORN ON RELIGION

MAKING room for religion in the American educational scheme is a pragmatic dictate. Appalled by the annulment of moral sanctions, the spread of pleasure seeking and the substitution of mere expediency for human ideals, men of every sort are driven to demand that teaching accept certain aspects of eternity. Now it is the world, and not Christianity, which is bankrupt. There is an irresistible clamor for communal investments in the spiritual life. But obviously this pragmatic urge is only a beginning. It tells us little about what line of conduct to pursue because it has given so very little attention to practical and historically established aspects of the question.

We have the fullest sympathy with views such as those professed recently by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, whose eminence in the field of natural history is a sufficient title to authority on educational matters. As a scientist he is at least of equal importance with Luther Burbank, whose reported views on the subject of religion are of a directly contrary application to those of Professor Osborn, who urges all "to get together and agree upon a single, elemental and more or less primeval teaching of religion, in which all men except those who persuade themselves that they are atheists, agree." He even stresses maxims and lessons from the Old and New Testaments that seem pertinent.

One detects here the scientist on the lookout for a formula of universal serviceableness. But unfortunately, the procedure itself is quite unscientific, neglecting as it does both history and theology. Even the most elemental aspect of Christian teaching—the question of the authority of Christ—is not taken for granted generally. And certainly it makes all the difference in the world whether one believes that the maxims proposed are the counsels of a Divine Redeemer, or merely the sage reflections of a human seer.

Historically the central religious conflict has had to do with the question of pedagogical prerogatives—the question as to who was qualified to teach, and what was the basis of obedience. If there could be agreement on this point, the unity of Christendom could be achieved. Surely Dr. Osborn is not optimistic enough to believe that his little formula is the long-awaited olive branch!

The only sensible way to deal with religious instruction is to accept the Christian teaching bodies for what they are, and aid them in the work they have set out to accomplish. When the American mind is sufficiently aroused to the necessity for spiritual influences in the direction of the young, it will see that other lands have long since been aware of the problem and have contributed at least something towards its solution. The only practical formula—that is, the only tried and demonstrated formula—is denominational education. We shall come to that sooner or later, because we have begun to grow wise.

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THE WORLD'S CARDINAL

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

BORN near Waterloo and himself the foremost spiritual figure in a greater conflict, Cardinal Mercier is at peace under the arches of Saint-Rombaut, where the relics of Belgium's noblest and most ancient priesthood are treasured. This is the tranquillity for which he had always been prepared. No further din of war or glory can disturb the man who was, above all else, a master of the interior life. But, though we might observe this power in his books and pronouncements, or from afar in the manner of his private conduct, it must remain, for the most part, a secret. We note rather, at this time, the significance of Cardinal Mercier in the story of mankind—the share he took in the culture of its civilization, the emergence of his personality at a moment which demanded leadership, and the steadiness with which he averted chaos by preaching a gospel of discipline. The five years during which the world listened so attentively to what he said, were years of precipitous cleavage between past and present. Indeed, the whole era spanned by his life was historically a water-shed; and one may say without fear of contradiction that, had this man not lived, the destiny of Europe would have been different.

He was the world's cardinal because he had the supreme gift of being able to reckon with mankind as a community. The varied facets of his career owe their brilliance to this vision of changeless man—of our common purpose, principle, and final beatitude. And as we observe the slow development of his mastery, we seem to follow at the same time the awakening of an old Europe which had once again determined to be masculine and free. The family into which Desiré Mercier was born, at Braine-l'Alleud during 1851, had not lost the simplicity of its middle-class virtues under the weight of honors brought to the name by men in public life, or by the ancestral relative who had been so valiant a missionary in the American far-West. But it was a Belgian family; and the modern scene was to prove again the rightness of Caesar's antique phrase—Belgae fortissimi sunt. For Belgium's fate has been to feel, like every old, small and essentially provincial country, the contradictory attractions of two vigorous neighboring civilizations. With Germany on the one hand and France on the other, every young devotee of historical culture has been forced to choose. The young Mercier decided for France, at a moment when the future was struggling toward new purposes.

Years of seminary training went by, leading to ordination in 1874. Meanwhile he saw, in the Paris of Renan and Taine, the battle that raged between traditional Catholicism and the new science; between intellectual discipline and mental chaos; between stark conservatism and growth—yes, even growth in the Church of God. And when he came back to his own Belgium, he knew that the two most famous of his modern countrymen—Maeterlinck and Verhaeren—had decided for modernism. It seemed, indeed, that the age-old, central stream of European life would dry up, or seep into the young rival torrent. Then Leo XIII, in an encyclical letter beginning with the name of the Eternal Father, called for a rebirth of intellectual Christendom, and the "tall Abbé" Mercier undertook to establish a school of scholastic philosophy at Louvain. May one not believe that the act was providential? Though the sources of the great mediaeval Thomistic tradition were still vigorous, the task of making them practical and effective, of bringing them in contact with the modern mind, was almost equivalent to a crusade. It would have been impossible in France, where the authority of Descartes and his disciples was still supreme; it could not have been done in Catholic Germany, where the greatest thinkers—Schell, Baeumker, von Hertling—were wrangling with the wraith of Kant. In Belgium, however, there were room and freedom for resolve.

All the world knows that the Abbé Mercier's endeavor at Louvain, carried on until his election to the hierarchy in 1906, was no idle afternoon's affair. But he was strong enough to succeed. While the conservative trembled and the critical were indignant, he struck out boldly for the conquest of the modern world. With fidelity to the past and faith in the future, he studied medicine, science, mathematics, and history, knowing that—as Saint Thomas himself had declared—the mediaeval system was not a finished, lifeless thing, but a ship on which one could go safely forward. Today we can judge the fruits of what the Abbé Mercier pertinently termed "neo-scholasticism", familiar as we are with schools and scholars who have helped, in all parts of the world, toward making tradition real by giving it life. The spirit in which the work of the Louvain school was carried on has, perhaps, never been summed up better than in the following sentences from an address delivered to the Institut de France by M. Boutroux, in honor of Cardinal Mercier's reception: "He believes that the first duty of the mind, as that is active within us, is to bow respectfully to reality as it is, as God has made it—to observe and not to fabricate. If you would know, submit yourself."

But men are more often active than philosophical. Came 1914, and the Germans advanced across the borders of Belgium. They overwhelmed a few troops in the ruins of captured cities, but a voice stood up against them in which there was a strange, irresistible, fearless note. It was the Christmas pastoral of Car-

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dinal Mercier, destined to influence the fortunes of war, and to be read with homage by historians to the end of time. By reason of the grace that is never wanting, the dying Pontiff of the Kingdom of Christ had spoken resolutely for the charity that is above all battles; and the last word of Pius X—"Poveri figli"—consecrated anew and with eternal pathos the mission of peace which is our most sacred inheritance. But it is no less true that Christian tradition has made the defense of the fatherland a duty and an ideal, so that Cardinal Mercier with his breast to the foe symbolized a sacred obligation as binding now as in the days of Roland or Ferdinand of Spain. In the two men—the sovereign Pontiff and the Belgian primate—were incorporated the two abiding principles by which humanity must always be governed in the conduct of civil life.

Nevertheless, it was not merely a question of defending the hearth. Now, as earlier, the Archbishop of Malines proved that he had made a choice. He knew that it was right for Belgium to resist the invader. He also knew that in so doing Belgium could aid in fixing the direction of European civilization. The triumph of Germany would have meant not so much the establishment of autocracy as the victory of modernism—the defeat of Roman tradition by chaos, the overthrow of the revivified thirteenth century by the already stale nineteenth. If one reads carefully through the pastorals of Cardinal Mercier which appeared during and after the war, one cannot help being struck by the constant emphasis which is placed upon order and discipline. These ancient virtues of Rome and Christendom, not the fruits of constraint or mechanical obedience, but the acquired characteristics of the trained intellect, were what he saw at stake at the Marne and the Yser. And his judgment was wise. Even the Germans, whose honesty, fortitude, and sacrifice we can now honor without cavil, understand that the paths which the world has elected to tread are safer and better than those in which the official Reich had placed so much confidence.

With the close of the tremendous devastation, Cardinal Mercier was once more ready to weld a link between the tradition which his life had served and modern circumstance. It is still too early to speak with anything like finality about the Malines conferences on problems connected with the union of Christian peoples. The great Cardinal himself was fully aware of the obstacles to be surmounted: he understood that the spokesmen for Anglicanism were far from ready to concede much that would be required of them from a Catholic point of view, and that England itself was not ripe for a greater "second spring" than the world had seen since apostolic days. But the mainspring of his conduct was firm. It was the part of charity to invite all those who yearned for the peace of the Christian community to friendly conversation and better mutual understanding. For that community is the noblest of ancient ideals, just as it is the most vital of modern needs. If today the aims of union are more widely discussed than ever before and supported by the prayer of faithful hearts everywhere, not the least of the reasons why all this is so must be found in the sincerity of the prelate who now lies dead while all men mourn his passing.

His own children have come in pilgrimage, to give their simple mementos the benediction of a farewell with him. It is well that for these obsequies there should be no sombre and austere silence, but rather the surging of crowds in a kind of triumph for the good man laid to rest. All of these had listened to his words. Many had known the value of his personal friendship, the sweetness of his counsel, the charity of his untiring personal effort to heal the wounds of war, of internecine dissension, of industrial inequality. Of him it may be said that he remained unselfish, that he despised all forms of nepotism and party prejudice even as he constantly debased himself. Once in many centuries such a man is given to his people, and they rightly honor his name. But the force of example is such that the good carry on when the great have passed, so that in mourning there need be no desolation but only peace.

There is one word more. In many ways Cardinal Mercier's personal relations with the United States have left an abiding mark. We came to know him during the difficult days of conflict, and later in the aftermath of triumph when it was a pleasure to see the man who had owned such spiritual dominion over the universal scene. The unanimity of affection in so many official tributes is an omen of long remembrance. But, in a deeper sense than usually rises to the surface, younger America does homage to the Primate of Belgium. To us he represents both vision and authority opening to plain view once again the healing harmony of tradition and life—the power to think of spiritual democracy not as a dead historical institution but as a practical goal; the consciousness of the value of culture; and the decision to find the tonic of discipline. Nor shall we easily forget—we who have borne the burden of war—that he towered nobly above all leaders of battle in the simple act of confessing his faith.

(For the material furnishing the background of this article, I am indebted to Dr. Charles Mercier, nephew of the late Cardinal.—G. N. S.)

The Tactful Man

He went a space with each persuasion,
For truth a gentle proxy,
And spoke to all of them in terms
Of their own orthodoxy.

He walked with many an ardent soul
For many an eager mile;
They often heard him laugh outright,
But never caught his smile.

LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL.

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THE DEGRADATION OF MUSIC

By AVERY CLAFLIN

IS MUSIC down and out? This question is a difficult one for the musician to answer satisfactorily. His individual prejudices are certain to resolve it in terms of personal idolatry. Thus, Bach may represent the culmination of the art, or Beethoven, or Wagner, or Stravinsky, or Irving Berlin—and the climax of musical history placed accordingly. But any system founded upon the quality of this or that composer's production is bound to be, on the whole, unsatisfactory. For music has followed a more or less definite trend, quite distinct from the irresponsible factor of genius. The direction of this trend depends upon what attitude is taken toward the enigma of whether man's evolution is for better or worse—whether it is ascent or degradation.

To the student of natural science this is no problem at all, for nature's energy is constantly falling from a higher to a lower level. How it attained its highest potential the scientist admits he cannot explain. But the degradation has been carefully observed and propounded in Kelvin's second law of thermo-dynamics. This states that while the amount of energy in the universe may remain constant, the higher powers tend always to fall lower. In other words, our temporal kingdom is tending, as inevitably as the Wagner trilogy, toward an immense ash pile.

Such an outlook is more than the historian of mankind dares face. He rarely generalizes on whether human energy follows the course of nature's energy, but lets it be assumed that man in his various occupations shows, if not constant, at least cyclical progress. This we tacitly accept as proven, unless so stubborn as to inquire why, after so many years of development, Aristotle is not taught in our primary schools; or monuments superior to the pyramids and obelisks erected in our public squares; or whether the personal energy of the late Herr Stinnes was greater than that of George Washington, or Charles Martel, or Alexander of Macedon.

Let it redound to his credit that Henry Adams faced the problem squarely. In his opinion, "history began with admitting as its starting point that the speechless animal who raised himself to the use of an inflected language must have made an effort greater and longer than the effort required for him, after perfecting his tongue, to vulgarize and degrade it." This seems unanswerable—so conclusive, in fact, that one is tempted to apply it to the course of man's various pursuits; to the development of music, for instance.

The first step is to ascertain, what, in music, is comparable to an inflected language. This term defines a form of communication whose practical existence commenced when it supplanted signs, gestures, and mimicry as a method of transmitting thoughts or emotions. By similar reasoning music must have become autonomous when it succeeded in conveying emotions independent of other mediums. This condition was fulfilled by the introduction of part-music. In other words, when it was contrived to sing two or more melodies at the same time, an interest sprang up intrinsic solely to the music, which was lacking in even the finest of unisonous inventions. If, then, Adams's reasoning were applied to music, it would maintain that music began with admitting as its starting point, that the singing man who raised himself to the use of rhythmic part-music, must have made an effort greater and longer than the effort required of him, after perfecting his medium, to vulgarize and degrade it.

Such a definition eliminates from consideration the singing and playing of the Greeks, which was only an intensifying adjunct of poetry. Likewise, the splendors of plain-song are so inextricably bound up with the liturgy that they really occupy a place apart. On the other hand, the actual beginning of part-music lies shrouded in the middle-ages. The primitive devices of diaphony, descant, and organum go back a thousand years more or less. But the selection of an arbitrary date is a matter of personal opinion. Some may choose the time of Hucbald (840-930) a Flemish monk in whose writings is found a description of crude part-music. Others may prefer to start with that lovely English round of mysterious origin, "Sumer is icumen in." The best authority places this at 1226. Still others may begin with the earliest masters, Dunstable, Binchois, and Dufay, whose activity commenced about 1420. And even others, with the first composer whose work bears the stamp of true musical genius, Josquin Deprès (1445-1521). Although material is lacking to fill the immense gaps between these high spots, it is evident that the forms of polyphony and strict counterpoint were gradually being evolved by experiment. With Deprès, technique was actually subordinated to artistic production.

The next century beheld the career of mighty Palestrina (1526-1594) and with him the mature development of polyphony. Even aside from the musical content of his work, its strict structural conception, filled out with impeccable technique, attains an elevation and detachment from human passions unsurpassed in any art. In my estimation this achievement is the crowning glory of all music. It is regrettable, indeed, that it should so often be misunderstood or belittled on the ground that the intent of art is emotional and that Palestrina's impersonality is an inferior agent to this end. Obviously enough, the sixteenth-century Masses and motets have not the same appeal as the Eroica or

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Tristan, but they are not emotionless. The response to Palestrina is the sensation emanating from the contemplation of perfection. It is one with the transcendent thrill of the philosopher observing the symmetry of things, and the fervor of the saint in face of the Creator's perfect wisdom. Not a common experience, indeed, but even the most sceptical will have difficulty in naming a quality which has done as much to ennoble mankind. And certainly, no one more than Palestrina merits recognition for having preserved it to generations where its existence is becoming legendary.

"What would have happened," asked W. S. Rockstro, the English musical archaeologist, "had the polyphonic school been cultivated in the seventeenth century with the zeal that was brought to bear upon it in the sixteenth?" The question typifies the woe of one, who, confronted with a remorseless example of degradation, tries to explain it as the whimsical trick of an evil genius, rather than the inexorable trend of human affairs. But, for the historian tracing the course of music, neither fictitious aspirations nor individual works of art are of so much significance as the sequence of formulae. These, as will be seen, consist of successive degradations either through specialization, the acquisition of extraneous material, the debasement of emotional expression, or laisser-aller down to tricks of mechanics. Thus on the heels of the polyphonic system came the monodic, best remembered by Monteverde. Where the former was composed of simultaneous melodies woven compactly together, the latter consisted of only one, supported by numerous cross-sections of polyphony containing no particular melodic interest (harmony). Of course, the one line of melody could be developed freely. Still, freedom is in illusory boon. And the monodists soon found that their single line of melody could be of sustaining interest only when combined with other material or used as a vehicle for an acrobat. This resulted in music's first illegitimacy—the opera, and its first vice—virtuosity.

The next step was to combine the two preceding ones. Polyody it is sometimes called. It marks the final advance so far as the technical manipulation of notes is concerned. The difference between Sebastian Bach and Stravinsky is one of degree, not of process. This technical diversity amounted to a watering of the art. The concentrated sublimity of Palestrina was put into a baser solution more palatable to mankind in general, and more pliable to the limitations of genius.

Then it became necessary to weaken it still further. The restless energy of Bach could only be appreciated in small quantities. So the sonata form of Haydn arose, making it possible to spread a few ideas thinly, filling up the holes, as Sir Hubert Parry said, with "a lot of scurrying about." This form has the advantage of symmetry and ease of comprehension, but the repetitions and insignificant jingles between are boresome to a degree unknown in the earlier masters.

The first to feel this poverty was Beethoven who soon began taking all sorts of liberties with the sonata. The chief one was to make it a personal matter and to reflect his own emotional states. This at once limits the receptors to those of similar emotional constitution. It was well enough for H. von Bulow to talk about the "painful sublimity" and "soulful accents" of the Opus 106, Adagio, but today's generation finds the rich gobs of sentimentality which Beethoven exuded rather too nauseating for intimate acquaintance.

In the century after Beethoven the depreciation is obvious. No essentially new discovery appeared to change the course of music. But all the old ones were specialized in and complicated to the extreme—forms chopped into amorphism; counterpoint and rhythm muddied; the full capabilities of musical instruments utilized to cover up poverty of idea; and the emotionalisms of each decade scrupulously adhered to. All this could only terminate, as it has done, in a dadaism of atonality. Now appear a counterpoint of chords and a harmony of keys, harmony so full as to be distinguished more by the silent notes than by the sounded ones. Emotional content becomes carnal to a degree never before sought. Shoddy workmanship is accepted as music, which in a former time would have been considered as so much garbage.

But there is no cause to shed tears over the constant decline of music, thanks to the fortuitous circumstance that the receptive taste has degraded likewise. Every new complication or lascivity, after overcoming the first public inertia, is welcomed hilariously. Or sometimes the receptive element leads, as in the jazz movement. The intense desire to have jazz introduced into polite musical society is prompted by the wish to revel in vulgar emotions without loss of dignity. It makes little difference, however—so long as the écart between composer and public is not great, music will sail prosperously along its course to the rubbish heap.

Reassuring it would indeed be to find the process of degradation reversible. But science does not believe it so, and music seems to concur. Consider Erik Satie, most of whose work is of eighteenth-century-like clarity and restraint. Apart from a small group in Paris, few admire him and it is inconceivable he will ever receive the general attention his work merits. For a time his influence on the group of Six was considerable, but gradually they have all drifted back to the demands of the twentieth century. Satie's example is likely to remain unique. Of course, hundreds of people educate themselves back to Beethoven, scores return to Bach, and perhaps a handful attains Palestrina. But even these are interested only so long as their knowledge is incomplete. With intimate acquaintance comes satiety. As our interest is drawn toward the unknown, the principal attraction will always remain the immediate future.

With atonality, music has reached a stage of low energy, of infinitesimals. In order to get anything at

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all out of it, composers must resort more to distortion, such as an exaggerated emotionalism, or a grueling mechanicality, or a whimsical abstraction. On the other hand, music lends itself to distortion readily only when in combination with other elements, as in the ballet, pantomine, or vaudeville. Now the contemporary field is surfeited with music for instrumental combinations which does not get across as such, but which might do very well as setting for something else. Does it not, then, seem plausible that the near future will see a sharp decline of chamber and symphonic music, and a new development in combined forms? Abstractly speaking, these are abominations. But practically, what else is there? So far as the orchestra is concerned, Virgil Thomson has already remarked that we are principally interested in it as a vehicle for the conductor's antics.

Pure music has ceased to be a lively art. If music is to continue as an art at all, it must be in conjunction with factors of contemporary vitality.

A CHRISTIAN DRAMATIST

By J. G. C. LeCLERCQ

IT IS, perhaps, not strictly accurate to describe Henri Ghéon as the founder of the modern French Christian theatre, for there have been writers before him occupied in creating plays of a religious nature destined to supply the Catholic with dramatic material of his own faith. Yet, he has attacked the problem from numerous and diverse angles; he has covered so wide a field and the consequences of his effort are so significant that he emerges as a powerful originator.

To begin with, he is an important literary figure who can meet the educated public, indeed so sophisticate an audience as that of the Vieux Colombier, on its own ground. Again, he can address his plays to special groups, as, for instance, the Catholic youth in school and lycée. Finally, with yet other work, he reaches the great mass of the people under conditions corresponding to those that governed the mediaeval miracles, mystères, and soties. Thus, on one hand "Le Pauvre sous l'Escalier" and "Le Mort à Cheval" can win the approval of Jacques Copeau's public; on the other, "La Bergère au Pays des Loups" performed in the basilica of Pibrac under the auspices of the Archbishop of Toulouse, can appeal to an entire community.

From such versatility a certain unevenness must necessarily result. Yet, all his dramatic work, from the most deeply reverent to the most broadly farcical, teems with common qualities. No play is too serious to exclude a richly humorous vein, none too buffoonish to fail in presenting a sincere and tender idealism. It is the blending of these diverse elements which stands Ghéon in best stead as a capital dramatist and a capital Christian. Each element depends upon the other and enriches it. Artist and Catholic are one and the same in him. He has evolved a national theatre possessing at once a religious, social, and artistic significance.

It is not, however, with Ghéon's admirable literary performance as such that we propose to deal in this article. It deserves comment for itself and apart from the personality of its author. Moreover, it is the manifest and logical result of the intellectual, psychological, and emotional phenomena that we shall here describe. For Ghéon did not arrive at Catholicism through his work, as did Retté, for instance. On the contrary, his work sprang from his conversion; it takes life and refreshment from his faith. This fact marks him and his literary endeavor as quite different from other recent converts. The Action Francaise group, J-K. Huysmans, Louis LeCardonnel, or Max Jacob display considerations of a very different nature. In a general sense, what brought proselytes to the Maurras group was based, in the beginning at least, largely upon political and nationalistic argument. Huysmans's reaction was in its initial impulse mainly aesthetic. LeCardonnel's, much as Retté's, but deeper and sounder, was intellectual. Jacob's is nothing if not cerebral. Henri Ghéon, however, became a Catholic for reasons at once more simple and more complicated.

He recounts the experience in his remarkable book, L'Homme Né de la Guerre: Témoignage d'un Converti, an account of how he weathered the Yser-Artois campaign of 1915. A remarkable book, but in no sense a literary masterpiece. With the exception of certain pages that come right at the end—and they are not many, though he has caught, in some of them, the fervor and the glow of En Route—it may not even be a very good second-rate piece of writing, from the technical view. Yet, lacking discipline of order as it does, it is more than that: it is a human document, and as such, it possesses a value quite apart from its literary quality. The desperate cry of André Gide—"If I did not write, I would kill myself!"—is not for Ghéon. Creation is unavailing, unless its mainspring is a more powerful and affirmative impulse. And Barbey d'Aurévilly's sudden realization—"There comes a day when a man must become a Christian or blow his brains out"—is in no way comparable to Ghéon's process. He is positive while Gide is negative, he is gradual while d'Aurévilly is abrupt. Lacking in coördination from a literary point of view, his book offers, from a mental point of view, a picture of a perfectly governed situation. It gives the history, step by step, of his moral progress; it is a chart, one might say, of his spiritual health; it is the account, the rationale of a slow yet inevitable surrender to forces that trans-

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cend our material life. Huysmans is a greater artist, Péguy, a greater poet, Retté, a subtler technician; but neither En Route, nor anything in the Cahiers, nor Au Pays des Lys Noirs offers a simpler, clearer, and more certain example of the laying bare of a human heart, or a truer history of the aspiration of a human soul. With all its defects of form, Le Témoignage d'un Converti is natural, sincere, and tender. Surely, these are no slight virtues?

Born and bred in the Catholic faith, Ghéon fell away without qualms. His word about religious education is eloquent: "They discoursed, in scholarly fashion I believe, on original sin, on theologic virtues, on grace. Ah! if only they had read us the Acts of Saint Cecilia, the story of the Passion of Anne-Catherine Emmerich, or even the legendary Fioretti. Whereas philosophy, reserved for mature minds, is postponed to the end of one's studies, they made us gaze, at the age of thirteen, upon the high summits of theology!" Moreover, his father was an unbeliever, and all his mother's piety, pitted against the aridity of his teaching and the indifference of his father, proved unavailing. "I have striven, my God, neither to lose you nor to find you again!"

Before the war, Ghéon was a minor poet of the Gide group. He belonged to what was called the Naturist school, professing an intensely human and sane art. He contributed to the Ermitage; he admired Gorky, Chekhov, Hamsun; there was, in his outlook, something of the Huguenot dryness with which Béraud reproaches Gide. Nietzsche, too, was a hero of his, though he was saved from a total subservience by his intense patriotism ("plutôt républicain que monarchiste, plutôt 'droits de l'homme' que nationaliste intégral") and by the sense that the German philosopher had come at the moment when Ghéon's generation's floating religion needed propping, rather than that this generation followed Zarathustra. The Dreyfus case brought him out on the side of Zola, for the same reasons, he says, that actuated Déroulède in the opposite camp. Too timid for politics, too weak to shake off the yoke of aesthetic preoccupations and to attack the vital problems, though he subsequently followed Péguy in his evolution, though he admired the champions (except Maurras), he struck no blow; he was content to sing his country's homage. "Foi en la France", published five years before the war, shows an ardent vers libriste returning to traditional rhythms; but it does more. Ghéon is French to the bone; his poems in honor of his native land are filled with hope, with love, with reverence; he recalled that what had always moved the men of his race was poetry that had in it a prayer. Even then, before his conversion, he was not far removed, in the matter of literary doctrine, from the critic who later writes: "In its supreme form, art should be the homage rendered by man to the Divine." He is already, in 1909, far from the narrows of literary sectarianism. To him, Moréas's disciples are puerile. Long before, Louis LeCardonnel had broadened out and abandoned the Symbolists to achieve his "union sacrée" between "the poet and the priest." The one important ante-bellum event in Ghéon's life is his journey to Florence with Gide. Aesthetically, it has a great influence upon him. But he is the same cynical figure as before. At his mother's funeral, side by side with Péguy who was praying, he gazed at the Eucharist, saying: "Tu n'es pas!"

When war broke out, Ghéon, as a physician, joined an ambulance. He was first at Charleroi, later at Nieuport. It was at this place that he made the sensational friendship which brought him into the Church. He met Lieutenant Dupouey, a friend of Gide's but a believer. He saw him three times. Dupouey was killed. And Ghéon, meditating over Dupouey's life, appreciated the purity and the loftiness of it. For a long time he thought of this man, practically a stranger, yet to him the supreme friend, a saint, a sudden manifestation of divinity to lead him into higher ways.

The important point to be noted here is that while the presence of Dupouey was so fleeting, Ghéon's conversion was gradual. He resisted to the end. The tribulations of war, personal sorrows, disappointment, and anguish were not what moved him. It was the example of Dupouey. Yet he delayed, even after he felt it was wrong to delay. But at last the moment came. "The day I was able to exclaim 'I believe!' my reason found its aim and its limits. It became free and only then did its work begin. Submit! And try to submit joyfully! Understanding will follow soon enough."

A singular and an eloquent conversion! Its account is of the simplest. In his Témoignage d'un Converti, Ghéon scarcely touches upon the aesthetic side of the question. Later, in his book of criticism, Parti Pris, we see the fruit of his literary judgment. Dostoyevsky becomes odious to him; of Corneille he will say "it remains to be proved whether Ibsen will have been more noxious to France than Le Cid." "Polyeucte", he goes on, "has had no real influence on the French mind." Corneille, he thinks, hated France; he can see none of his plays as truly French.

However far one may share these views, one is grateful for their exclusion from his Témoignage d'un Converti. They do not belong there. What does belong there, what makes the book so vital a document is Ghéon's manly sincerity and his proud, tender subordination to his ideal. "Sublime virtue of the fighting men!" he says. "One must watch them praying, one must watch them dying!" By so doing, one cannot but follow their example. This is the sole lesson Ghéon wished to draw from a personal story in which his own personality counted for nothing. "C'est fait! L'individu s'efface. Le chrétien rentre dans le rang!" What this particular Christian has accomplished in the ranks is another and an equally wonderful story.

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A SAINT IN PIGTAILS

By ERIN SAMSON

(Author's Note:—The following letter was written by the late Mr. John Winter, shortly after the publication of the official biography of Saint Mary-Evina. It was his hope that it might be used in the second edition of the book, but, because of its slightly unconventional nature, it was rejected. I feel, however, that the light it throws upon Saint Mary-Evina is too interesting to be wholly lost. Possibly it may also serve as a timid suggestion as to how certain writers of the lives of the saints might amend their methods, so that all the humanity of the saints may not be entirely lost in the picture presented to modern readers.)

Washington, D. C.,
January, 1960.

"I HAVE been asked to write out my recollections of Sister Mary-Evina, the first canonized saint of the state of———. I am ridiculously incompetent to venture into the specialized realm of the hagiographer. As by profession I am an engineer, and as my life is drawing near the sere, I can hardly hope to master suddenly the art of literary exposition, so I beg leniency of my readers. The authoritative, complete, and inspiring life of the saint has been written by a religious of her order. In those 400 pages every admirer will find multiple details of her extraordinary career, active and contemplative. The work is most edifying; the author must possess considerable intuitive powers, for she has gained, I do not know how, a quite wonderful knowledge of the inner life of Mary-Evina. Let me state at once that as a layman with a prosaic outlook I can only relate what I saw and heard of the saint, and only in so far as a memory, leaking with age, permits.

My surprise was great when I heard that the cause of Evina Parkmann had been introduced at Rome. You understand that I never saw her after she left for Mount —— ———. I find by consulting well known "Lives" that the majority of saints were either very naughty or very pious as children. Evina was neither; her mother, I fancy, would have said that she inclined to the darker side for she was independent and something of a tomboy. She lacked the docility and neatness which usually constitute the parental conception of childish virtue.

Had I surmised the future of my friend, I should have observed her closely in church. As it is, I must confess that I never remarked her praying attitudes, although our family pew was across the aisle from the Parkmanns'. Now I did watch my sister, Martha, who was Evina's bosom friend, because her angelic poses aroused my brotherly ire. Had only Martha been the saint, her biography would be an easy task. She was such an exemplary child! I sometimes wondered how Evina could care for her; the partnership was comprehensible only by the fact that the one loved to dominate and the other to submit. I never saw Evina enter church save at the conventional times. Nor do I believe that she did.

My first recollection of her is rather insignificant. It was on the day I began my scholastic career. I remember holding my sister's hand in a very damp and desperate clutch. As we passed the Parkmann home out ran a tall girl of about eleven. I recall distinctly two red bows on the ends of long, shiny, dark braids, which spun from front to back and back to front every time she moved a trifle vigorously. Martha dropped my hand and rushed to her friend. I was ignored by both, who walked on in front, arm-in-arm. I did not exactly hate the cause of my sister's desertion. I was afraid of her; she seemed such a strong, self-sufficient creature. I think I was so completely forgotten because of Evina's new shoes, which won their rapt attention. I have said that she was not a neat child; nevertheless, she was fond of dress and a little vain. I have a vague notion that the tops of the boots were of patent leather and were finished with tassels. At any rate, Evina did a prodigious amount of looking down and looking behind at them. Once or twice she brushed the toes on the back of her stockings. Arrived at school, Martha remembered to lead me to the infant class. By the end of the day I had fallen in love with my sweet rosy-faced teacher, and had quite forgotten the disagreeable Evina.

I am sorry to say that the future saint did not win a medal for good conduct or lead the class in Catechism. One could trust Martha to come off first in all matters of piety. Evina was, however, intelligent, and wrote the best compositions. It was thought that she might become a writer. Had she been educated in the present age, I should have predicted for her a political career; her executive powers were so manifest. Indeed, had you asked me her outstanding quality I should have answered, her "bossiness". Whenever Evina was in a group, she was ruling, or at least inspiring it. She had a passion for organization; she was forever starting clubs, with memberships varying from three to thirty. The purpose of the union did not matter, the all-important thing was to have an organization with a head, and that head, Evina Parkmann. When she commanded, however, she did it with such evident relish and overflow of joyousness that she swept us along and made us forget that we yielded.

The most popular of these inevitable societies was the Club of the Greats, in which each member impersonated some famous character, and was required to live up to his choice as consistently as was possible. Tears came to my mother's eyes when she learned that Martha was a second Saint Cecilia, and she forthwith

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bought her a gold cross and two new pieces of music. Evina deigned to notice me, the childish hanger-on, because I elected Hannibal as my hero. She was Napoleon, and with characteristic independence altered history to suit her personal taste—the emperor would not divorce Josephine and he won, though with difficulty, the battle of Waterloo. Because Napoleon fraternized with an humble Hannibal, my fear of Evina melted and I began to admire her.

When she was sixteen her energies changed their course. I do not mean that she turned to the spiritual; she turned, rather, to her mirror and to the opposite sex. She and my sister began to do their hair in large knobs, called psyches, at the back of their heads, and to go to parties that lasted from eight until eleven.

As June brought its procession of warm, flower-scented nights, the two friends would meet on one of their porches; the wide skirts of their pale muslins would be spread out like open petals. Young men of the neighborhood would stroll by, pause, and shyly mount the steps. I was disgusted, but, I must confess, slightly jealous. I could no longer be a playmate, only a friend's negligible young brother.

I see that I have wandered far from the realms of hagiography. Did she not, you protest, engage in some charitable activities, she who was to care for hundreds of black savages? I remember accompanying her on one errand of mercy the year before she entered. Her mother sent her with a basket of delicacies to her old nurse who was ill. We found the old Irish woman propped up in bed with her beads in her hand. She beamed when her "little pet" bounced in rather noisily.

"I've brought you," Evina laughed, "heaps of things. Mother's sent you some of her famous rum custard. You remember how you used to eat it for me when I was ill so mummy wouldn't be hurt—well, I'm sorry but I don't think I can do the same for you. It's as awful as ever!" Here she held up the jar of offensive custard.

The old woman was shaking with mirth. She tried to disapprove. "Ain't she awful, ain't she terrible," she kept repeating to me in obvious tones of loving admiration. All the while, Evina walked about examining the pictures, poking fun at her own photographs which occupied the place of honor. When she left she gave Nurse a little pat but no consolation.

"You have to get well, or Mother'll send you some more custard."

Again I consult my library and find that the saints sat down and gently consoled the sick. But, perhaps, the reader will be satisfied with the knowledge that the nurse seemed to like Evina's treatment, and repeated happily as we went out: "Ain't she the worst child!"

I do not know when or how Evina heard the call. We were all astonished when Martha announced that her friend was to enter the Society of ————. We were bewildered by her choice of the most unobtrusive order with its simple mission of nursing and teaching young children. She left in June; she was nineteen. When she came to say good-by to us she wore a cherry-colored sash. I suppose that such a mundane detail is irrelevant, but it impressed me at the time. I was rather forlorn at the thought of her departure—it seemed as though a gay flame of light were going to be snuffed out by a black habit and a high wall. Somehow, the cherry sash comforted me; if she could think of wearing it the night before leaving the world, she was not so utterly changed and subdued.

As she drank lemonade and ate chocolate cake she laughed and joked, and said that she was foolish to enter an order with an American novitiate, for now she had no chance of seeing Europe. Had she any premonition that she would work in the heart of Africa for twenty years; that God did not will obscurity and tranquillity for her, although He formed her to them for ten years, then changed the customs of a community to make use, it seemed, of her unique abilities?

To show how little a prophet she was in her own country, I must acknowledge that my mother did not believe that she entered —— ———— through an act of complete renunciation, but because the rule was lenient, the food abundant, and the hours of sleep reasonable.

We heard from Evina very irregularly. I recall one detail which she confided to Martha—the recreations were her great difficulty. Was it because she had found one group where she could not dominate? Her biographer tells us that as a young nun Sister Mary-Evina was very quiet and unassuming; that is surely the greatest miracle of her career!

When the saint went to Africa she began to write more frequently, asking for money. I sent one of her letters, which I particularly liked, to the sister biographer. She did not see fit to utilize it. It is not perhaps the letter of a saint, but in it I find my youthful friend:

> *Dear Hannibal*:—Thanks for your letter; it was beautifully written. I feel that you are very dignified now. Martha seems to be a wonderful mother; time has broadened her. Forgive the blurs—not tears, perspiration.
>
> Very busy. Dear friend, do collect some filthy lucre for me, for my coal babies. You always had a tender heart. And it's money we need—not barrels of old evening gowns and badly-cut slips of calico, which seem to be some people's notion of civilization for the heathens. I try to joke away my shame when I hand out the things and say: "Wear it, dear, to please them!"

I have often pictured Evina ruling her dusky little world with energy and bonhomie, and I have imagined the natives crying in amazement tempered with affection: "Isn't she queer!" Certainly, until her death under a blazing sun, no one associated suffering with her. And now she's on the altars, bless my soul!

JOHN WINTER."

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A LIVING LANGUAGE

By ELLA FRANCES LYNCH

OBVIOUSLY, it would be of little avail to rehearse the defects of what is called modern education, if we were helpless to better conditions. And just as obviously, we are not helpless. It should be possible, as it is undeniably essential, for the modern school to abandon its irrational curriculum and reoccupy itself with a rich, uncomplicated course of instruction which bears no uncertain resemblance to the model whereby great leaders have been trained, and which takes into account the real values of life and their relative importance. This would be true wisdom, because, as Saint Thomas Aquinas says, "they are called wise who put things in their right order and control them well."

If such an attempt at pedagogical reform is seriously undertaken, the subject of a secondary language will be given an important place. Indeed, when Americans come to a realization of the enormous advantage held by those who master two languages in childhood, bilingual teaching in our elementary schools will be made compulsory. The European child coming to America with a knowledge of French, German, Italian, Greek, or Hebrew, almost invariably puts to shame our American-born pupils who speak only the mother tongue and precious little of that.

Latin is the best second language for English-speaking children. It is concise, organic, graceful. Its vocabulary is large, its spelling is practically phonetic, and its roots have unchanging significance. It forms the philological basis of the group of languages spoken by the greatest number of people the world over, including English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. An additional advantage is that English literature has developed in close contact with Latin literature.

In this country dreadful onslaughts have been made on classical training. The favored position of Latin in the high school curriculum has been deprecated in the strongest terms. Its opponents hold that the training is long and tedious in proportion to the necessity as well as to the results, and that not many of our college graduates now attain the power to read, write, speak, and understand Latin. The great linguists answer that the failure is due to improper methods of teaching rather than to intrinsic linguistic difficulties. They speak truly. There is scarcely a psychological, pedagogical, or tactical blunder possible in the field of teaching that is not a regular part of the Latin course. What could be more illogical than to make of the first Latin lesson for callow brains a disquisition on declension, gender, number, case? Here is no orderly progression from the simple to the complex, no mastering of one set of difficulties before plunging into another set of greater ones. Pronunciation, translation, analysis, declension, conjugation, assault the youthful mind in hostile hordes. Failure is inevitable.

It is evident that if children acquire a large vocabulary easily retained by its resemblance to English, and if, at the same time, they are meeting singly the simpler facts of grammar, they can be made to feel at ease in the language. This done, each new lesson will make on the mind a distinct impression instead of a smear.

However, this method, which Dr. Eliot says is the only right method to use in teaching any subject, is fully effective only if utilized at the right stage of mental development. No method can work miracles. As things are now, Latin is begun too late for mastery by any but the extraordinary; too late to take that grip on the mind which an early beginning assures; too late to bring into the mind the order, method, system which should be established during the habit-forming years.

Another hindrance to success has been our unreasoning devotion to classical literature. The superstitious restriction of interest in Latin to a certain very limited period in the history of the language has been the bane of Latin study in this country. Ninety percent of our teachers, if permitted to do so, would have their pupils read a considerable amount of easy Latin before taking up the first classical author. Why, ask they, should we be afraid to let young people read the post-Augustan authors? Why choose for beginners the books of Caesar, who stirs no responsive chord in the modern young heart, and keep after Caesar for three wearisome years? Early and copious reading of vulgar Latin is not more likely to kill the classical spirit than a graded literary reader is calculated to intercept a movement toward Shakespeare. And is it not an agreeable fiction that students under the present system ever develop any Latin style, classical or non-classical? Instead of forcing upon beginners a lexicon of antiquated warlike weapons, schemes, movements, give them a vocabulary they can comprehend and use to express ordinary facts, even such as the color of the cow, the size of the elephant, or the temerity of the dog in chasing the yellow cat. They will be surprised and delighted to find themselves actually talking Latin. Their imagination and enthusiasm take fire.

Concerning his own struggles with the classics, Sir Esme Howard once remarked to the writer—"It seems to me that I did little during seven or eight years of my school life except study Greek and Latin, yet neither subject made any real appeal to me for I saw in them no practical use. I did not know that human beings could converse in these languages. Some of my teachers were great scholars, yet they did not, probably could not, converse in either tongue. Had anyone shown me that I could buy a quarter of beef or mutton

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in Greek or Latin, or that people once alive had really done so, the entire outlook would have been changed for me."

English itself is not intelligible to those who know no Latin. A majority of school failures are due to the fact that the pupils do not know the meanings of words. They do not seem to realize that a knowledge of meanings is essential. Here is a young man struggling to acquire by muscular effort the statement that "the vermiform appendix is a type of vestigial structure." A few questions expose the fact that he does not visualize a single word in the sentence. He is confusing vermiform with vermifuge of childhood recollection, while vestigial is dimly reminiscent of garments. Teachers lament that science instruction is not particularly helpful, because every textbook is so "loaded down with technical terms" that it is difficult for the students to find their way through that field. A clear understanding of words, based on a knowledge of their derivation, would render the course of science easy and profitable.

Can young children learn a dead language? Perhaps not. But Latin is not a dead language except as teaching makes it so. In the middle-ages and for a long time after, Latin was learned and used habitually by great numbers of people to whom it was not the mother-tongue. It was the main part of the curriculum until the student's facility in language made practical the beginning of philosophical studies. He began Latin early. He prayed in Latin. For over a thousand years Latin was the international language of the Christian countries. In the days of the Spanish Armada the wrecked warriors found the peasants of the Irish coast able to understand and converse in Latin. Even seventy-five years ago, travelers in parts of Rumania found the peasantry speaking Latin because it was the language of their schoolbooks and the only language which they could read and write.

That Latin is hard for children, no one will deny, but it is not too hard. It takes a great deal more ingenuity than formerly to make children realize that "before culture the gods have placed sweat." Education is not all romance. True education implies discipline, not for discipline's sake but for character's sake. The "powerful weakness" of the modern school is the substitution of "interest" and "enthusiasm" for discipline. The kindergarten method has triumphantly worked its way up to the university. We treat strong-bodied, trouble-hunting boys and girls like mental invalids. It is pitiful and it is shameful to see youths of fourteen to eighteen doing work that is fit only for children of eight to twelve. There is nothing under heaven to prevent the child of seven or eight beginning Latin, progressing steadily in it, and at ten or twelve facing its reasonable difficulties. Because we have not inured them to serious effort and responsibility, their minds have not developed as they should, and they are not fit for serious intellectual work.

Schoolmen who have learned their psychology from textbooks sometimes assert that public school pupils could not learn Latin as they had seen it taught in certain private classes, implying presumably, that the children of socially registered parents have a monopoly of brains and perseverance. There is no valid reason why Latin should not be taught to all children in the elementary schools. Compared with either French or English, Latin presents no difficulties of spelling or pronunciation. It is a pity that it should be regarded as a possession for scholars only. Its cultural value is as great for the carpenter or the plumber as for the clergyman or the physician, and whatever is truly cultural is truly practical.

In trying to make a foreign language interesting there is always danger of making it unidiomatic. But in Latin, more, perhaps, than in any modern language, we have available for young beginners a treasure-house of vibrant, living, classical literature, if by classic we mean not only immortal but gifted with eternal youth; things that appeal to the heart and mind at seven and still more at seventy; idiomatically correct, intrinsically of interest. Take the Vulgate. What passages in modern or ancient writ are more worthwhile, whether from a literary, linguistic, or pedagogical viewpoint, than such as these, of which we have a rich and abundant sunburst: "De profundis clamavi ad te Domine." Or: "Omnia flumina intrant in mare, et mare non redundat; ad locum, unde exeunt flumina, revertuntur ut iterum fluant."

No great argument will be needed to persuade those who regard education as primarily character-making, that Latin is the most available vehicle through which the school, whether religious or secular, may lead its pupils to spiritual things. In the Latin tongue, expressed with a simplicity that equals its beauty, we find the loftiest reaches of which the human spirit is capable. It is no small thing that in these days of realism we can place within the reach of children such passages as: "Aurem audientem, et oculum videntem, Dominus fecit utrumque," or "Jehovah pastor meus est." Such precepts sound like moralizing when taught merely as precepts, but in the guise of Latin the child seizes upon each word with the full strength of his mind, and thus the soul is fed.

Does there exist a more fitting instrument for enriching the mind, refining the taste, and elevating the feelings, than the Latin Vulgate, studied side by side with the English translation? Not by any means is the entire Vulgate to be treated as suitable reading or sufficiently easy for young Latinists. There is, however, a wealth of material within its borders to fulfil all the requirements for an attractive and instructive reader, adapted to the capacity of young boys and girls, and graded so as to provide an easy, safe and pleasant ascent to more complex writings. Through the medium of the Vulgate, Latin could be divested of its terrors for beginners and could be made accessible to ever-increasing numbers of young school children.

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Latin as a mere appendage of a curriculum is not worth much. But by eliminating the great mass of worthless information, and substituting a carefully arranged course embracing Latin, and including the regular daily use of the English dictionary, we should bring about an economy of time, labor and effort that would more than double the real value of a scholastic year. The intensive study of words makes the child a totally different human being from the usual product of graded schooling, and enables him to learn in far less time the ordinary textbook assignments. Indeed, in just a few months of high school pupils could learn all the history, geography, civics, and so on, that they now dally over for years in the grades. By the way, if school time is to be spent in drilling children in history, geography, civics, let such drilling be given after the age of twelve or fourteen. Then those pupils who do not enter high school but who have been trained to think, and to think before they speak, will have an excellent grounding for their life work and the proper management of their leisure, while those destined for prolonged schooling will be equipped to profit by advanced instruction.

Another point frequently mentioned as an obstacle to the extension of Latin teaching is that teachers qualified to teach Latin are lamentably scarce. The obstacle is not so formidable. To teach Latin, it is more important to know how to teach than to know Latin. By way of summer courses, a good teacher could acquire Latin enough to carry her with flying colors through the primary years. The simplest way is the best. "Scientific" methods are fatal in the primary school, no matter what the subject. Great teachers like Comenius and Froebel, great writers on education like Jean Paul Richter, looked on pedagogy as an art. Their ambitious followers of this generation have almost succeeded in turning it into an exact science, as if a child's mind and soul could be vivisected like a poor dumb guinea pig. The difficulties in a child's education have been puffed up into so-called tremendous problems, so that those mothers and teachers with the instinct and the intuition which alone can overcome these difficulties, have abandoned the field to the standardizing pedagogue. Let us return to more natural methods.

The Astronomer

Lo! By your streaming hair
He will bind you to the lowest star.
You will be pendant there
Unmoving, beautiful and far.

Your face will always feel
Enchanted wind that does not blow.
Each new dusk will reveal
The sleepless supplicant below.

And day will draw a veil
Of trembling light across his face:
You will not see how, pale
And wan, he leaves his watching place.

JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH.

THE QUINN COLLECTION

By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

A COLLECTOR with vision is almost as necessary to the world of art, as the creators in it. Such collectors are, however, rare—for men of wealth, founding a gallery, are too often under the spell of the dealer and his special predilections, or hampered by the accepted formulæ of the fashions of the time in art.

The late John Quinn was embarrassed by neither danger, having not only the courage of his convictions, but being also endowed with a spirit of prophetic vision.

How brilliant his judgment, how unerring his aesthetic instinct, the current exhibition of a part of his collection at the Art Centre proves abundantly. The taste of the critic or the casual passer-by may lean to far other manifestations and movements of modern aesthetic life; but no one could fail to be impressed by the extraordinary character of the paintings there assembled.

Examples are present of our own Arthur B. Davies, Mary Cassatt, and Ernest Lawson, but the bulk of the paintings shown belong to the recent schools in France which follow each other almost too fast for nomenclature, yet which have one bond in common—revolt against the academic, the picturesque, and the conventional, and a very real and earnest search for new forms of expressing everlasting truths. Perhaps their dictum is: "Matter is not stubborn, but infinitely pliable." Certainly, Jean Metzinger, when he set out to portray a girl smoking, in La Fumeuse, and to give importance to a yellow feather on a woman's hat, arrived at a region where planes, values, harmonies, color scales were withdrawn from the objective. The appeal is only partly to the eye; then the mind is asked to do its work. It is puzzling—baffling—to the layman; yet his attention is caught. He asks: "Why is this Window on the Park by André Derain with its cool greys, its crooked objects, so satisfying? How did Georges Seurat put the rotations of the circus ring into one's very brain? And this strange Henri Rousseau—wasn't he in the French custom house? From what romantic region of his untutored genius did this strange painting come—this La Bohémienne Endormie—a sleeping gypsy threatened by a lion with a remarkable tail?

But the lion is no more astonishing an achievement than Rousseau's Rabbit, which, if we remember rightly, is in the Luxembourg—that great grey rabbit, alive, all alive, in spite of not one Academic tradition, to furnish out its vertical tail and long, delighted ears—it's nibbling a cabbage!

Odilon Redon is here with an exquisite Vase of Flowers, and a very satisfying Pandora, conceived in the realm of dreams as most of Redon's paintings seem to be; and Mr. Quinn acquired at least one supremely beautiful Ganguin, Promenade au bord de la Mer, Tahité, with its rose violets against the background of a turquoise sea.

Picasso's monumental Maternity, a woman of the proportions of a Greek goddess with a nude child in her lap, displays this master's ability to express form and solidity with an economy of means, and strange as this painting is, it is as far removed from eccentricity as any work of Michelangelo's. Something of the same titantic simplicity combined with gorgeous color is in Augustus John's The Way Down to the Sea, a painting that hung for a while in the Metropolitan Museum. These women in their long, full dresses, and with archaic faces above a rapture in color, are of a world not yet here, or lost long ago, and even a novice can see at a glance why the Academicians

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kept this mighty one out of the Royal Academy just as long as they disgracefully could. Augustus John was not for the British matron's drawing-room, or even for her husband's art gallery—since his precedents were not to be found in any British school. He is supremely himself and, therefore, disturbing to those too much under the sway of a national tradition.

Beauty, to be magical, must know the rules, but escape them; since no one ever dreamed a faery-dream who relied too much on the dictum that two and two make four. They do, but that's not the end of it, and J. D. Innes possesses a higher mathematics of beauty which capture the spectator almost against his will. Is there a Garn Lakke? Where is it? We would go to it. We would enter that world of enchanting distances and high-riding clouds, and nameless haunting loveliness. And Arening! What a realm! He must have beheld it somewhere, yet he has gone beyond it in this painting, and has known how to hurt the heart with the very spirit of a locality, known perhaps in its essence only to himself.

And if the exhibition is still on, stand for a moment before The Palm Tree. You will forget New York, if only for an instant, in that bright air where the tree lifts itself slenderly against the sky.

THE SOROLLA PAINTINGS

THE series of very fine paintings by the famous artist, Sorolla, representing typical scenes in the provinces of Spain, opened this week to the public at the galleries of the Hispanic Society, Broadway and 155th Street, New York City. America can almost claim for her own this remarkable artist born in Valencia, in 1863, and embodying the very soul of his native Spain in its sunlight and shadows—as it was from the wide recognition given to his work at his first exhibition here at the Hispanic Society's gallery in 1909 that his fame was spread throughout the world. His death occurred in 1923 while he was engaged upon the series of paintings of the different Spanish provinces, and New York is the first city to obtain a public view of these works.

The painter in a round of large canvasses leads us from Aragon, with its mountain women in green gowns and big scapulars, through Navarre and Catalonia to the bright sun and oranges of Valencia. Altogether, it is an eventful exhibition in the annals of painting and it should be seen by all our art lovers and students.

SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN EXHIBITION

THE Brooklyn Museum held the first public showing on January 30 of an exhibition of paintings and sculpture assembled by the members of the Society of Scandinavian-American Artists. While these painters are Americans, the influence of their Scandinavian background is manifested in their work in a variety of ways. It thus derives its character, and represents a wide range of artistic tendencies, from the ultra-conservative to the most modern. The list of artists' names includes some of international repute whose works are familiar to the art world, as well as many names of men who have not hitherto been represented in large exhibitions. The catalogue lists the work of about eighty artists and includes about two hundred paintings in oil, water color and other mediums, and about fifty pieces of sculpture. The exhibition occupies the Museum's gallery of special exhibitions and will continue to be on view there until March 1.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHY ARE OUR COLLEGES?

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—According to President Little of the University of Michigan, education may take place on any of three planes. The first plane is represented by students who merely acquire information. They drink in what the teacher presents to them and are able to repeat it at the time of the examination. This is the necessary preliminary stage. The second plane is the plane of the educated man. The trained mind is not content with mere assimilation of facts; it criticizes them in the light of a broad knowledge. In a word, the educated man has learned to think for himself. It is one important duty of a college to see to it that its students advance to this stage before graduation.

But this is not the full duty of the college. Now and then there appears in the college ranks a boy who is capable of greater things—of reaching the third stage. His restless intellect is impatient with the present bounds of human knowledge. He is under the compulsion ever to push on and on into the uncharted seas of nature's mysteries. He has a flair for research. His contributions to the sum of what is known may be comparatively unimportant or he may rival the superlative genius of a Gauss, a Newton, a Copernicus; but in any case he has added to the sum of human knowledge, and mankind is his debtor.

The ability to do research work is innate. "To be a scientist," says Gottlieb in Arrowsmith, "is like being a Goethe; it is born in you." But this innate ability will never function unless it is given the proper environment. There is no reason to believe that 500 years ago men were less intelligent than they are now; but there were no Millikans nor Bohrs in those days, the reason being, of course, that scientific methods and scientific knowledge were not sufficiently developed. So, today, no matter how gifted a young man may be he will never do first-class work unless the best modern methods and knowledge are made available to him. And if they are not made available, he might as well be living in the tenth century instead of the twentieth so far as his ability to do research work is concerned.

It is a duty of the college to see that these very promising young men are not denied the opportunity to do original work. The genius of Walter Reed enabled him to discover the cause of the transmission of yellow fever; a thousand ordinary physicians would not have found it. The genius of Banting produced a cure for diabetes; a thousand ordinary men would never have discovered it. The faculty of a medical school feel that they are doing a service to humanity by training a large number of good, average physicians; and they are. But would it be a smaller service to develop one man whose discoveries would enable the medical profession to triumph over one disease for all time?

This has a very obvious application to the Catholic college. We rightly look on our Catholic institutions as bulwarks against the rising tide of infidelity. This purpose they may accomplish by turning out large numbers of averagely educated men who will constitute in the community a real force on the side of revealed religion and Holy Church. But would it not be an equally great, possibly a greater, service to turn out occasional men capable of original work? Think of the value to the Church of men like Pasteur or Mendel! How much damage to souls would have been averted if the facts underlying the

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theory of evolution had been presented to the world by a devout Catholic like Pasteur instead of an agnostic like Darwin.

Our Catholic institutions deserve our unstinted loyalty because they alone put the things that are God's before the things that are Caesar's; they alone are untouched by the modern tide of infidelity. Moreover, it is likely that our colleges are probably successfully performing their primary function of making educated men. Passing over this statement, the writer wonders if our colleges are providing opportunities for the exceptional man to do the exceptional work of which he is capable. Or, more concretely, do our colleges and universities offer facilities for research work comparable to those offered by other institutions?

This is a good point upon which to examine our consciences. (The writer says "our" advisedly, being himself on the faculty of a Catholic institution.) Pick up a scientific journal; will you find articles there signed by men from Catholic colleges? Go to the conventions of a learned society; will a number of the papers be read by men from our institutions of higher learning? Pick up a first-class text in any of the sciences, and run through the bibliography; will you find a fair proportion of our men among the authors quoted there? After making a few exceptions one is compelled to answer such questions in the negative. The scientific work of America is being turned out almost wholly by non-Catholic institutions.

But possibly these questions are unfair. For our colleges have usually favored the humanistic, rather than the purely scientific studies. While other colleges, year by year, have been placing less and less emphasis on the classics, many of ours stand almost alone in their attitude that Latin and Greek ought to form the backbone of the average college education. While our colleges, then, many be weak in scientific work, we might reasonably expect that they would be the leading centres of classical scholarship; that our professors would be the outstanding authorities on classical archaeology, on comparative philology, and the teaching of the classics; and that the best critical texts would be edited in our institutions of learning. Is this the case?

The general report of the classical investigation of the American Classical league lies before me as I write. In the first chapter there is a list of about a hundred and twenty men who participated in the investigation. The project was a country-wide undertaking and these men are presumably the men best qualified to give expert advice. How many Catholic colleges are represented? I look in vain for the name of a single Catholic institution.

Of course, this is only one side of the case. It would be eminently unfair not to give the other side as well. Our colleges are nearly all young institutions; they have struggled against great odds merely to exist; their faculties have been overworked. On the other hand, their competitors have often been highly-endowed institutions, whose well-paid professors have had plenty of time for research. What wonder, then, if our scholarship has suffered somewhat?

There is little room for criticism about the present state of our higher education. But there is very much room for criticism if we sit back in smug self-satisfaction and regard present conditions as ideal. Our American Catholic colleges have given very little attention to research in the past; that was inevitable. But if they continue to give little attention to it—that would be to fail in a most important duty. The real tragedy would be for us to fall in love with our status quo.

PAUL HANLY FURFEY.

STYLE IN ARCHITECTURE

Fort Augustus, Scotland.

TO the Editor:—I should like to add a word about style to what already has been said by Mr. Cram and Mr. Byrne.

It is true that "the form of a building is determined by necessity, and necessity is created by habits of living," although it would be false should one draw the conclusion that style is the result of these materialistic factors. It is more than that. In ecclesiastical architecture it is the characteristic mode of expression which makes architecture play the same part to religion as liturgy does to doctrine and dogma. It is the material expression of religion. It is a means, not an end—an effect, not a cause.

This seems to limit the use of the word to religious work only, but since all styles have in the past centered primarily around religious expression, it simplifies matters to consider it upon the basis from which it developed.

It seems that in the great periods of the past, style itself was of secondary importance, and that the designers were so filled with the inspiration of that which they were trying to express, that a living style could not help but result in embodying the inspiration.

Clearly this is not true today. The architect designing hotels and office buildings must make style of primary importance to suit the whim or taste of the client, and it at once becomes a superficial and external beauty. (The same fault is more or less true of modern church work under our present system.)

It is the resulting lack of style that has made conscientious architects look for a more sincere and honest mode of expression. Mr. Byrne has turned to the principles which govern style, but they do not make or create it. These factors are purely materialistic, and anybody who knows the great monuments to which he refers, knows that their style is distinctly not materialistic. However, every faithful effort to imitate their virtue always shows a lack of that subtle spirituality in the result.

Splendid imitations for every beauty of building material and expert craftsmanship have been reproduced economically in an effort to give the same richness of devotion to the modern work as exists in the original. But perfect imitations continue to be perfect deceptions, and cannot be used for a Catholic church which teaches that the end does not justify the means. In all of the best modern ecclesiastical art may be found this striving for materialistic beauty, which is the result of commercializing the religious arts and crafts. But we cannot think of style as an end to be attained if we would find the remedy.

The most sincere and heroic effort made by modern artists, in a determination to offer their all to Almighty God, in an effort to spiritualize ecclesiastical arts, has been made by the late Desiderius Lentz, and his associate, Gabriel; and more recently, Subercaseaux, who joined that order which has produced, if not most of the world's greatest art, certainly the greatest in England—the Benedictines. It was these first two men mentioned, who, by their labors, revived in Europe today interest in producing a spiritual expression in the art of the Church. What has been or will be accomplished as a result of their example is difficult to say. The greatest critics of the Beuron school must admit, however, that at least we find in the best examples of their work, simplicity and sincerity—two of the most fundamental requisites to good art. Nowhere else at the present time is there to be found a greater contribution to our modern stylistic needs.

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It is true that in the styles of the great works of the past are still expressed unchanging Catholic truths, but as man's comprehension of these increases, it may be reflected in a gradual stylistic development in the arts, if they are representative (which they are not today) of the inspiration of the Church! Efforts to create a new style are futile, although they may be a stimulus to get at the root of the trouble through analysis.

"For the artist there must always be the spur of the desire for personal expression." This will suffice for commercial work, but the resulting style will be as varied as the personalities expressing them, to say nothing of the great variety of commercial needs. This really is just what happens today, only in a less intelligent and pleasing manner than would happen under the different and more ideal conditions of which Mr. Byrne speaks.

It is in the oneness of inspiration that is found the essence and unity of all style whose interest is in the diversity of personalities contributing to it, and its derivations due to the climate, tradition, and environment of the locality, successfully guided by the principles outlined by Mr. Byrne.

But the inspiration for expression must be greater than a glorified self, seeking its unity and character above the individual, to produce a true style in the art of the Church, and that inspiration is our religion, fully felt, only when we sacrifice every worldly consideration to the ideal, the goal we wish to attain. In the rich and beautiful liturgy of the Church (particularly as followed faithfully by the Benedictine order) we have the outward expression of the sublime teachings of the Church as an inspiration. Then the spur of personal expression, the elimination of pecuniary considerations, and the other suggestions, which are made by both men, may follow. Does not the solution, after all, lie with the first few men who are willing to make this sacrifice?

I admire Mr. Byrne for his willingness to face this problem squarely as well as Mr. Cram's defense of the traditional solution, which together, offer much for the solution of this problem in the cloisters of a religious order.

A Benedictine.

A SUGGESTION TO POETS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—The following quotation from An Old Man's Jottings, by Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., may be of interest to your readers:

"The Arians, Newman tells us, put their heresy into verses, and got their people to sing them, which they found an efficient instrument of propaganda. When will the apt manipulator of verses and inventor of rhymes arise who will set forth the Catechism in rhyme? We do not want a poet, but a patient plodding man, who will make this task the occupation of his leisure for at least three years, composing, correcting, canceling, rewriting, and thinking the matter out, until at length he gives us, and gives our boys and girls, the truths of the Faith accurately expressed, good theology, yet simple and telling and concise and rhyming.

"Such versified doctrine, learned in childhood, would stay in the mind for life; it would be an aid in many an hour of temptation, and a beacon light on many a dark day. And if, by the kindly uplifting of the spirit, the rhymester did at times rise to real poetry, then there would come forth a hymn to be sung in churches. Oh, that the hymns that are sung in churches were less emotional, and more doctrinal, as the Lauda Sion is doctrinal."

William Franklin Sands.

THE ARK AND THE DOVE

Buffalo, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In the issue of The Commonweal of January 6 there appeared an editorial entitled The Ark and the Dove. This editorial made a plea for historical accuracy and emphasized the well known fact that in some cases historians have consciously perverted the truth and in other instances have suppressed facts in favor of some race, class, or religion. The editorial refers glowingly to Lord Baltimore's humane action in attacking religious intolerance in Maryland. The editor intones that this English nobleman only asked for the same toleration that he was ready to extend to Puritan, Prelatist, Quaker, and Jew.

I have been unable to find one reference to any religious ordinance or any other act of the Calverts indicating a desire on their part to extend religious toleration to the Jews. If you will furnish authority for the statement contained in the editorial, it will be refreshing as well as illuminating.

The Toleration Act of 1649 makes express provision for religious toleration of those who believe in Jesus Christ. This Act, therefore, by its very terms excluded the Jews from its benefits; it would also exclude many Protestant sects who do not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. In other words the "celebrated and renowned" nobleman was not as tolerant as some "historians" would have one believe.

John F. Wallace.

[Mr. Wallace will find the question he raises taken up in Bishop Russell's Maryland, Land of Sanctuary, page 271:

"It has often been asserted that Jews were excluded from the Land of Sanctuary. It is true, indeed, that the Act of 1649, which as we have seen, was a compromise between the liberal Catholic policy in force during the first fifteen years of the colony's existence and the Puritan intolerance which then began to exhibit its power in the province, did exclude Unitarians and Jews. There is nothing, however, to show that the Catholics of Maryland ever manifested any desire to exclude the people of any religion. There is no instance, prior to 1649, of any Jew having asked for admission to the colony, and of having been refused. Judging from the line of conduct toward all who sought a haven of refuge in Maryland, there is good reason to suppose that to the Jew, as well as to the Episcopalian and Puritan, the Catholics of Lord Baltimore's province would have extended a welcome if any had applied."

The attitude of the Calverts to this question may be best gathered from their conduct after the Puritan interregnum had come to an end, and when their proprietary rights had been restored to them. One Jacob, or John, Lumbrozo, a Jewish physician, had been prosecuted for blasphemy in denying the tenets of the Christian faith (the informant against him was a Quaker!) and set free by amnesty on the proclamation of Richard Cromwell as Protector. "In the following March [still quoting Bishop Russell, page 274] Lord Baltimore regained the government of his province. Notwithstanding the law of 1649, the Catholic Proprietory gave the full rights of citizenship to Lumbrozo, and furthermore granted him the privilege to trade. . . . In 1664 we find Lumbrozo acting on a jury." . . . "It is a striking coincidence," adds Bishop Russell, "that in the very year that Lord Baltimore, despite the disabling law of 1649, granted the rights of citizenship to Lumbrozo, Rhode Island passed an ordinance excluding Catholics and Jews."—The Editors.]

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THE PLAY

The Dream Play

THE Dream Play, by August Strindberg, translated by Edwin Bjorkman, and directed by James Light, is the latest production at the Provincetown Playhouse. In one sense, however, it is a return, a repetition—it might, indeed, be called a re-striking of the original note of the Provincetown Playhouse, because two years ago the reopening of the Provincetown, after a period of inaction, was made with Strindberg's The Spook Sonata as the vehicle. At that time Eugene O'Neill declared that Strindberg was the precursor of all modernity in our present theatre. "Strindberg still remains among the most modern of moderns," wrote Mr. O'Neill, "the greatest interpreter in the theatre of the spiritual conflicts which constitute the drama, the blood, of our lives today."

Two years have not changed the situation. I suspect that many years hence the new moderns will be harking back to Strindberg. That very considerable number of the dramatists of today who are not content with catering to the demand for mere entertainment in the playhouse (worthy and commendable as that enterprise, within its proper limits, undoubtedly is) are concerned, above all things, with what Mr. O'Neill calls "the characteristic spiritual conflicts . . . of our lives today." Under all circumstances of tragedy, comedy, or farce, those playrights who reflect the modern mood have in themselves no firm faith, no reasonable philosophy of life, and they depict all spiritual conflicts in a bewildering fashion coming from their own spiritual bewilderment.

Not one of them has pierced deeper into the darkness which surrounds a life without faith than did August Strindberg. Few of them achieve anything like his stark, absolute sincerity and honesty. Fewer still have the power of setting upon the stage characters and situations which firmly and vitally symbolize or portray these spiritual conflicts and the men and women who are their victims. I use the word "victims" advisedly, for these conflicts as viewed by the modernists with whom Strindberg is still a great leader, rarely, if ever, show us a human hero. They struggle, but it is without the direction of will. A thousand circumstances pull them hither and thither, direct or deflect their destinies, lead to flitting moments of pleasure or gleams of elusive happiness, or (and usually) entice or thrust them into an endless series of misadventures, misfortunes, and disasters. The modernist drama might be bound up in one huge volume under the general title of, Man Without a Will. And in any such collection of the plays of modernity, those of Strindberg would deservedly take a high, if not the leading place. Not only has he the root of the matter in him, not only does he express the quintessence of modernistic philosophy, but technically, as a dramatist, nothing that has come upon the stage since his day has bettered his forcefulness and his dramatic magic.

The Dream Play has never before been produced on the American stage, though since 1916 it has been one of the potent influences in Europe. It is a form that Strindberg used several times. As Mr. Bjorkman, its translator, explains: "The author has tried to imitate the disconnected but seemingly logical form of the dream. Anything may happen; everything is possible and probable."

There are nearly fifty characters to be manipulated on the tiny stage of the Provincetown Theatre. There are three acts, with a prologue and epilogue, and some fourteen or fifteen separate scenes, some of them elaborate ones. These scenes are well rendered; wonderfully so, considering the space limitations of the stage. Yet their very merit, perhaps, was a handicap to the achievement of a greater success for the play as a whole. The waits between the scenes were far too long and tedious. These scenes should flash before the eyes, should bring their apparently disconnected yet in reality consistent messages to the ears, without such jolts and jars to the attention and the memory which the long waits between the scenes produce. Even the very capable acting which distinguishes the production cannot wholly make up for this disconnectedness, which is not integral to the play itself, but a mechanical error.

The producer of the play laments the fact that since the production of the first Strindberg play none of the hopes and dreams indulged in at that time by the Provincetown enthusiasts has come to pass. They desired a permanent company. They talked of cycles of plays, a repertory. These hopes have not been realized. Yet, without a permanent company, working together in a common tradition, or, rather, creating their tradition as they go along, it is quite apparent that the experimental dramatist will always be at a great disadvantage. All the same, the work done by the players in The Dream Play is remarkably good. I suppose that mostly they are men and women who really share the intentions, and who have taken part in many of the actual productions of the dramatists associated with the experimental theatre. Their work is a splendid tribute to the devotion to high ideals which distinguishes the best of the experimental groups of today, and which redeems some of their most pessimistic and disagreeable productions. In this sense they are like Strindberg himself. They deal with the hard and gloomy facts of life—in the hope of finding a way for others safely to tread the maze.

M. W.

(R. Dana Skinner, dramatic critic for The Commonweal, who has been in Europe for several weeks, will resume his reviews of current drama in the next issue.—The Editors.)

In Selecting Your Plays

Arms and the Man—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
By the Way—An English review of charm.
Craig's Wife—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction and muddled thinking.
Easy Come, Easy Go—A mildly amusing Owen Davis farce.
Is Zat So?—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio—Splendid object lesson in finest type of repertory acting.
Princess Flavia—The Prisoner of Zenda, delightfully adapted as a musical play.
Stronger than Love—Filial love made the motive for one intensely dramatic scene.
The Butter and Egg Man—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
The Dybbuk—A masterly production of Ansky's Jewish mystical drama.
The Enemy—Mr. Pollock falls down on a good theme.
The Green Hat—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's acting.
The New Charlot Review—You can save money by not going.
The Vortex—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
Tip-Toes—All that is satisfying in a musical comedy.
Young Blood—Helen Hayes battles with a bewildered author's flounderings.
Young Woodley—A lyric and courageous play for a limited and mature audience only.

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BOOKS

A SHEAF OF NEW POEMS

From Bersabee to Dan, by Michael Earls. Worcester, Mass.: Holy Cross Press. $1.75.

Puritan, by Isabel Fiske Conant. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Those Not Elect, by Leonie Adams. New York: Robert M. McBride. $1.50.

Spiritual Songs, by Hugh F. Blunt. Manchester, Vt.: Magnificat Press. $1.50

A Book of Lullabies, compiled by Elva S. Smith. Boston: Lathrop, Lee and Shepard. $2.50.

Pilgrimages, by Sydney King Russell. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

The Harp of Dawn, by Sister Imelda. Springfield: Saint Catherine's Press. $1.25.

Caravan, by Witter Bynner. New York: A. A. Knopf. $1.50.

Darius' Feast, by Mary Cruttenden Percy. Saugus, Mass.: C. A. A. Parker. $0.50.

New Poetry: An Anthology, by Harriet Monroe and Alice C. Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

Blind Men, by A. B. Shiffrin. New York: Harold Vinal. $1.50.

Two Lives, by William Ellery Leonard. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

Prince Absolom, by John Freeman. London: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE mid-winter cornucopia of poetry displays the general prosperity of the country, and, as usual, there is great variety in these offerings of grave and gay, serious and trivial; but all are marked by a higher quality that argues our increase in culture and the firmer establishment of a better poetry for the masses.

The ballad is a difficult form of poetry due to its demand for an easy singing quality and an unerring taste in simplicity and structure. Therefore, From Bersabee to Dan, Father Michael Earls's spirited collection of ballads, merits a hearty welcome for its generous achievement and its lovely touches of sentiment.

In Puritan, the poet, Isabel Fiske Conant, refers to her title as "a noble name now briefly in disfavor." Like the waters, "everything passes," and the song of regret is added to the riches of memory like a colored leaf pressed into the volume of life. There is a particularly touching stanza in Puritan entitled Secret:

> "I watched my dearest
> With his last breath,
> Start with a soft surprise,
> Recognizing death—
> If too soon one knew it,
> Who under sun
> Would ever stay upon the earth
> Till his time was done?"

In Those Not Elect, one finds a very cultivated spirit, singing lovely fruitless songs—the orchards have ceased to bear fruit but the dead branches are still lovely. Leonie Adams would be a far finer poet than the average if she had some more positive beliefs, something tangible enough for rough, workaday hands and healthy, active curiosities.

Spiritual Songs reveals this form of realism in poetry, even if Father Blunt cannot claim Leonie Adams's fine touch and delicate harmonies. His eyes are fixed steadily on the Gospels, and the plain chant of his poems lacks rhythmical varieties and modern tones, but is filled with the melodious repetends of memories, pieties, and heartwhole devotions.

A Book of Lullabies that will charm many readers long past childhood has been ably compiled by Elva S. Smith. It contains the old mother songs and the poems of the fireside that are so popular with a large section of our public, if we are to judge by the question-columns of our newspapers. A Book of Lullabies will answer many of these inquiries.

In Pilgrimages, there is a biographical note that adds firmness and quality to the correct and otherwise rather intangible singing of Mrs. Sydney King Russell. The book is slightly confessional, possessing a plaintive beauty that fades into a mirage.

The Harp of Dawn recalls one to memories of the sacred hours of daybreak with their religious lights and the innocent freshness of their smiles. Modern poets seem to know the dawns only at the ends of evening parties and a book like Sister Imelda's will strike them like an early peal of convent chimes and the cool breath of mountains upon flushed and wearied faces. The simple naïve quality of these songs will bring pleasure to many readers weary of modern sophistication.

Witter Bynner's volume, Caravan, is compact with brave, full-throated singing. His poems reveal him as a man of the roads, a gypsy, not a scholar; a doer, not a thinker; but fine in his perceptions, frank in his confessions, and lyrical in a vigorous way. One misses depth sometimes, and rich fruitfulness in those fancies and images—the absence of the melancholy note is marked and not objectionable, although it seems to weaken the humanity of this singing. Mr. Bynner is truly American, North American. There is much more of New England in his soul than has generally been noted. His Caravan includes an interesting poem to Donald Evans, a rather feline attack upon D. H. Lawrence, and some really exquisite nature poems.

Mary Cruttenden Percy gives us in Darius' Feast a charming Persian story in which there are dignity and rhythm in a narrative whose theme is the great veneration of truth held by the early Persians.

While a conservative mind may be dubious regarding some of the poems included in The New Poetry: An Anthology of Twentieth Century Verse, published by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, the American, at least, may look with some complaisance on the number of poets of his nation that are represented and honored. It seems strange that British anthologists should persist in so purblind an indifference regarding North American poetry and so rarely include our singers in their golden books and galaxies. Perhaps an Englishman may raise his eyebrows a bit at some of our native celebrities in verse who seem to fulfil these Chicago specialists' requirements for Parnassus. For instance, the child-poet, Hilda Conkling is represented by thirteen poems; Edgar Lee Masters by twenty-seven; Harriet Monroe by fourteen; Carl Sandburg by thirty; and Alice Meynell by two. Louise Imogen Guiney is forgotten. Miss Monroe confesses that "every editor feels, and must necessarily reveal, certain unconscious sympathies and predilections: it is better, then, to reveal them quite frankly, without extenuation or apology." To which might be added for the benefit of the reader that it is well not to sacrifice one's personal opinions to the irresponsible direction of any anthologist.

Blind Men, by A. B. Shiffrin, reveals a vigorous young talent,

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sincere and forceful, without great endowment of color or philosophy of life. His book is a promise, nothing more.

In Two Lives, William Ellery Leonard reveals the capacities still potent in the sonnet form, with its ringing varieties to tell a story or reveal a scene not too tiresomely. William Ellery Leonard would be as effective, possibly more so, in prose, but we can recognize in him a certain metrical deftness and congratulate him on Two Lives as a tour-de-force.

Prince Absolom, the dramatic poem of John Freeman, is worthy of its lofty form and literary genre. Mr. Freeman handles the story of David and his sons with a fine constructive sense—his choruses are in powerful strophes and in a grand manner, reminiscent of the old, and touched slightly with the new manner in poetry. Prince Absolom will add greatly to Mr. Freeman's standing among the poets of today.

THOMAS WALSH.

Rebel Saints, by Mary Agnes Best. Illustrated with reproductions from old prints. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $3.00.

THE story of the men and women of the Society of Friends will always appeal to Catholics. It is not alone that their character, for all its eccentricities, was and is singularly humane, and that their scheme of things left no room for the intolerance that was rampant in the "free" churches from which they broke away. But their lives and writings teach a lesson that Catholics would not wish to see obscured. They were the extreme corporate expression of the right of private judgment, the last wave of the revolt away from authority which began with Martin Luther, and is dissipated today in the froth and spume of individual opinion and disbelief. The sects that derive from the monk of Erfurt and the gloomy doctor of Geneva, once their severance from authority was complete, lost no time in embodying their principles in an elaborate armature of doctrine and discipline which left small room for the rebel and the doubter. Their leaders were very serious, practical, and intolerant men. It was the distinction of the Quaker that he posited the theory of direct and personal illumination as the very first principle of his theory of salavation. By so doing he not only imposed the unpleasant role of persecutor on the very men who had so recently capitalized persecution. He reduced, to terms of its logical absurdity, the entire principle of individual interpretation of the divine command unballasted by authority. It is not surprising to see in the records of the society many and many a startling reproduction of the shining deeds and virtues that the Church chronicles in the records of its saints. In the visions, the sudden "calls", the all-embracing charities of the Quaker, what we are watching is spirituality, oozing drop by drop from a body of belief ill designed to hold it, and which is to harden before a century has passed, into the most arid system of belief and conduct the world has ever witnessed—eighteenth-century evangelical Protestantism.

Rebel Saints, by Mary Agnes Best, is the story of these people during their days of trial and persecution, in England, America, and in whatever part of the world attracted their vagrant impulse to witness for what they conceived to be the truth. It is a very terrible narrative, in which the English clergy of the established church and the founding fathers of America carry off the evil honors pretty evenly. The ordeal was brief, but fiery. For thirty odd years George Fox and his followers, men and women alike, were hunted like wolves, scourged, given over to mob-law by magistrates and pastors, hounded into noisome prisons with felons and cut-throats, and deported over-seas. With the accession of William Penn to their communion, and the opening up of Pennsylvania by this wealthy and practical man, both the fury of persecution and the excesses that called it forth, die down. The broad-brimmed hat and suit of undyed wool become familiar sights upon the world's markets and exchanges. Of all the challenges which the Quaker flung in the face of the world, only his aversion to war survives today to mark him off from his fellow citizens. The fact that this inhibition to shed blood, no matter how just the cause, was so generally respected during the late war is the best tribute to the impression that Quaker sincerity made upon the world's imagination.

This absolute sincerity and single-heartedness colors all the figures which Miss Best resurrects for us. We are shown George Fox, with his wide hat and leather breeches invading the "steeple houses", and calling on the salt of the earth to be salted; driven over the earth by the gad-fly of his unrest—now at the pumps of a leaky ship in mid-Atlantic; now in prison at Worcester and spending the subsistence money sent him by his loyal wife, to buy her "crimson cloth for a mantle"; now spurring his horse through the Guard of the Lord Protector to deliver his message at the coach window. We make the acquaintance of two women, Katherine Evans and Sarah Cheevers, "a pair of respectable wives and mothers," marooned at the Island of Malta on their way to "kindle the light of Egypt", distributing their literature under the walls of the Inquisition, and once imprisoned, resisting the most strenuous efforts of sympathizers for four years to find some way of getting them out. We meet Thomas Lurting, the non-fighting seaman, perhaps the most bizarre of all these strange zealots, suddenly stricken with scruples against bloodshed while a petty officer on board a man o' war, and starving to death because he would not eat the king's bread without serving for it, and the puzzled captain could find no article in the regulations allowing him to sell government rations. We make fresh acquaintance, and not for the first time, with the terrible Endicott, in whom everything that makes us hate the dark side of the Puritan dispensation seems to be incarnate. "Commanded by the king to abrogate the death penalty, they skirted it as closely as they dared in the floggings. . . . To old William Brend, an aged Quaker, after he had been in irons—'neck and heel'—for sixteen hours, the infuriated jailor [in accord with Endicott's orders] gave . . . ninety lashes with a tarred whip, leaving him unconscious, his body a black and blue pulp, the blood 'hanging in bags'."

Upon all these persecutors for the established order in church and state, Miss Best is justifiably severe, although not more severe than the case warrants. At the same time, there are certain pleas in extenuation that must suggest themselves to all reasonable readers. The early Quakers came literally "from the blue". No church organization lay behind them. They set themselves squarely against what today would be called "the herd" and the result of such action is always a foregone conclusion. The tolerance granted to religious differences today derives largely from the fact that the more passionate loyalties are transferred to another sphere. "Brawling in church", refusal to raise the hat when the national flag, the symbol of the new devotion, passes, especially if the refusal be accompanied with taunts and blasphemies, are deeds in whose presence the arm of the civil law is not weakened today. And if it were, the arm of popular disapproval, evidenced in most extremely physical fashion, would be found an ample substitute.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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The Earl Bishop, by William S. Childe-Pemberton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.50.

"MAKE way for my Lord Bishop, the Earl of Bristol and father in God of Derry," an unctuous attendant is crying through the lobby of a hostelry in Rome. There is some commotion among the loiterers, and raising of eyebrows as an exquisitely groomed figure, neither lean nor portly, and a little under medium height, descends from a high carriage that has drawn up at the curb. He is escorted to the most elegant quarters the house affords, and scarcely has the valet opened the traveling case and put toilet articles on the bureau than a delegation of architects, painters, and interior decorators calls and discusses with his lordship the plans for an immense and capitoline building which is to adorn his estate in England. Such a scene is simply the composite of many incidents, which the reader receives from Mr. Childe-Pemberton's elaborate study.

The Earl Bishop was but another of those impressive and enigmatical personages of which eighteenth-century Britain was so full. "There are men, women, and Herveys," some one of that period is said to have remarked, and the life of Frederick Hervey did not diminish the significance of the classification. He was the third son of John Hervey, Lord of Ickworth, who flourished at the court of George the Third until the fall of Walpole, was reviled by Pope under the sporting epithets of "Lord Fanny" and "Narcissus", and who has gained a slender immortality with the posthumous publication of his memoirs. As a boy Frederick was quiet, studious and, in comparison with his brother William, somewhat of a prig. He was the favorite of his distinguished grandfather, the first Earl of Bristol, and was addressed in letters as "my dear, good grandson." In his early twenties he married Elizabeth of the house of Danvers, took Holy Orders, and was appointed chaplain to the king. Through the influences of his brother George, then the second Earl of Bristol, he was created Bishop of Cloyne and later of Derry. This is as far as Frederick climbed ecclesiastically—apparently he did not aspire to Canterbury—but it was only the beginning of a conspicuous career of political intriguing, pretty philandering, and the satisfying of two ruling passions.

The Bishop had a mania for travel. He took long vacations from episcopal duties in Italy, France, and Germany, and for two years at one time and for ten years at another, did not set foot in the diocese committed to his charge. He put up everywhere at the best hotels, and it was not long before enterprising landlords were turning his patronage into profit and giving their houses his name. In his old age, after he had separated from his wife and was enjoying to the full his zest for going about, he entertained a plan for exploring Egypt. The expedition was to be of a serious nature and to include authors, artists, scientists and, not least, the "divine Comtesse". But the lady was indisposed to make the journey—a heady adventure for its day—and the project was dropped.

The Earl's first passion supported his second—a relish for architecture and art. He had an appetite for collecting pictures and statues, antiques, trinkets, and the débris of noble ruins, and if not checked, he would have carted away to England and Ireland the better part of Europe, decoratively speaking. He actually purchased the Temple of Vesta at Tivoli with a view to its removal, and was only thwarted in the carrying out of the design by the intervention of the Italian government.

Yet, in spite of these truant hobbies, he was an able administrator. The Irish liked him; they called him "the nomad" and "the edifying" bishop, showing that they appreciated and forgave him. He endeared himself to them by a policy of broad tolerance, and befriended alike non-Conformists and Catholics. He had not a particle of religion in the accepted sense, but he acted on the sound Christian principle of helping the downtrodden and destitute. The cause of Irish independence found in him a supporter, and indigent artists, a munificent patron. These generous gestures, it is true, had their swing back, and his lordship's daughters were kept on short allowances while his son went practically bankrupt.

He was a prodigious letter writer. Fully two-thirds of these volumes are in Hervey's own words. He wrote with persuasion and force, devoid of subtlety. "Sly dog!" concludes the reader as he peruses these personal commitments. "The Bishop 'belonged'; he was 'one of the boys'." A Nordic with Mediterranean leanings, he devoted to Roman bric-a-brac and French salons the time he might have spent on beef and boredom and riding after the hounds; there was better sport across the channel. With other gentlemen of the round collar he shared the privilege of being taken for a Catholic, of passing (when it suited his convenience) for "the real thing". He imposed himself upon the credulity of the monks of St. Bernard's hostelry, and was entertained in a style befitting a Roman bishop, which he purported to be.

These facts about Frederick Hervey, Bishop of Derry, Earl of Bristol, speak for themselves. Only occasionally does the author, Mr. Childe-Pemberton, obtrude himself, and never in Strachey method. In the opinion of his contemporaries the Bishop was either an angel of healing and light or the other extreme. Walpole called him "that mitred Proteus, whose crimes cannot be palliated by his profligate folly," but Wesley found him "exemplary in all parts of public worship; plenteous in good works."

Many and handsome illustrations accompany the text. Here is the Earl Bishop as seen by English, French, and Italian artists. The British brush captured the air of well-being and contentment; but the Continental painters probed deeper. They endowed the subject with character as well as a pontifical dignity altogether absent in the portraiture of his own countrymen. Here are the Earl's family—his wife, proud and high bosomed; his daughters, pretty and wistful; and his son, with a splendor that dazzles—at the hands of Gainsborough. Finally, here are those monstrous and Romanesque structures which rose on Celtic and Anglo-Saxon soil—Downhill at Londonderry, overlooking the sea, and Ickworth. Each is graced with a dome, while the wings stretch off into space. It is said that the Bishop regarded a house as a growing creation, to which additions might be made as time went on, and that for one of his mansions he planned as many rooms as there were days in the year. They were designed chiefly to shelter the owner's collections; he himself did not spend much time in them. They held his treasure and his heart and, for those who cared, the ultimate expression of his spirit.

LANDON M. ROBINSON.

An Old Man's Jottings, by Joseph Rickaby. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

THIS latest book of one of the clearest thinkers and writers in the English language might serve well as a vade-mecum to many who are not specialists and have neither the training nor the inclination to study deeply on religious and moral topics. It is "a book to be read by a busy man on occasions of leisure, as it was written on occasions of leisure, when other work was not pressing during the last six years of a long residence at

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Oxford." The author claims for it no plan, yet the form of the book lends itself in the best possible manner to leisurely browsing, some of his "jottings" covering no more than half a dozen lines. Anything that has come into Father Rickaby's mind during the past eighty years, and has not been specifically treated in books, seems to find a place here. Particularly appealing is his note of insistence on gentleness combined with firmness in necessary exposition of doctrine or of Catholic point of view.

Thus: "Ardent champions of the faith sometimes cry out that error has no rights. But neither for that matter has truth. Error and truth are both abstractions, and abstractions have no rights. But men in error have rights. They have a right not to be forcibly corrected by one who has no authority over them, one who is not their judge." His brief sketch of a priest is altogether charming: "In mediaeval England your bishop was a baron, 'my lord'; your (secular) priest a knight, 'Sir John'." Even of humble parentage a man is ennobled by ordination to the priesthood. Every priest has a right to be accounted a gentleman. Noblesse oblige, in the first place, the bearer thereof. The priest should ever hold himself bound to knightly behavior. A poor man he may well be, but still a knight—still before God, if not in social parlance, Sir Thomas or Sir John. He should be courtly, considerate, helpful, and in all humility never devoid of a certain personal dignity. Nothing in him should savor of vulgarity, coarseness, boorishness, gross selfishness, or swagger. To build up the character of a true knight, a knight indeed of Christ, that is the aim of the long years of training that the Church insists on for the priesthood." Other chapters are: Social Science in the New Testament; Democracy and Aristocracy; Western Haughtiness; Are All Men Equal; Prosperity and Persecution; Essence of Worldliness; Missionary and Medical Man; An Open Way to Effect Conversions; The Goodness of God, the Hub of Religious Controversy; to name only a few of the "jottings" contained in the book, ending with the author's gently humorous epilogue: "When I was a boy in Yorkshire, there was a story of a silly old man, who went about with a fiddle that he had made himself, and told everybody: 'I made this fiddle out of my own head and I have enough wood left to make another.' Now these jottings must come to an end, for there is no more wood left!"

Father Rickaby in his preface hopes that some of these may be of service for the purpose of the Catholic Evidence Guild. There is no doubt whatever that his book is enormously serviceable; rarely does one find such variety of thought-provoking subjects within pocket compass. I have often wished to thank Father Rickaby for thoughts and definitions in other works: a profound thinker, lucid writer, and vigorous propagator of the Faith, Father Rickaby has always been "Sir John," evidencing always in himself the perfect compatibility of gentle courtesy with alertness and fearless vigor.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

The Churches of Rome, by Roger Thynne. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.00

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Volume I: The Liturgy, by M. A. R. Tuker. London: A. and C. Black.

BOTH these volumes are handbooks made to be read and carried conveniently; and they are both, in their respective fields, invaluable. Although each is, in its way, a satchel-guide, neither is written with the dull, Baedeker sententiousness, almost inevitable in the case of most guide-books. The Churches of Rome, for instance, which is an attractive volume and well illustrated, is full of good things, as when the author, speaking of the Victor Emmanuel monument, calls it "an immense paperweight." Moreover, in his notes, Mr. Thynne reveals himself as a person of vigorous tastes and a definite point of view. Thus he feels, as any sensitive person would, the great charm of the primitive Christian basilicas, San Clemente, San Lorenzo and others, and deplores in no mild terms their baroque restorations, symbols of an age "hypocritically virtuous and vulgar." This is interesting when we consider that, after a century of neglect, the baroque is once more being petted and patronized by our aesthetes, the Sitwells, Huxleys, etc.

The second book represents something we have always needed, an adaptation in excellent English for the layman, of the great Italian liturgiologists. Here may the non-Catholic, deeply impressed but a little confused by the "ancient simplicities" of Catholic ceremonial, find his best vade-mecum. There are exact and well-written descriptions of the ordinary Mass, the pontificial Mass, the papal Mass, and the various Uniat rites. Then follows a chapter on the liturgical colors, vestments, vessels, music, and other essential accessories; a third on the Divine Office and other ceremonies; a fourth on the services of Holy Week, especially as carried out in Rome. Every priest and layman, who concern themselves particularly with the liturgical aspect of the Church, should have this little book.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

Unchanging Quest, by Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

THE English don't go to extremes in anything. In this enthralling book is a group of very English characters—clever, amusing, philosophic, romantic, loving the little common things of English life, loving one another without any blurb about it—here they are thrown into the maelstrom of the first twenty years of this century, harboring Russian idealists and smiling at their enthusiasms, living through the horror of the great war and the disillusionments of the years after, emerging from it all with faith in God and hope for humanity.

Even after years of European frenzy, hate, carnage, they are better love-makers than extremists. There is terrible suffering among them, but no villainy. There are bitter tears, thwarted loves; but no suicides. There is cynicism deep enough to become smiling stoicism, but never despair.

The story is at once a tragedy and an idyl—famine and futility paint red across its pages, yet the last scene is of lovers in the twilight. It is told with a simplicity almost Grecian, and points the case against imperialism and war without too many modern damns. Which is another way of saying that Sir Philip Gibbs is an observant Englishman, and as such content to tell a very fine story without slobbering over it.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

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BRIEFER MENTION

The Vanished Cities of Arabia, by Mrs. Stewart Erskine. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.

THE glories of a vanished race, the moss-grown altars of a half-forgotten religion, the stories of the great and learned figures which with their dynasties and systems have partly lapsed into a mere tradition echoing on the lonely night winds over the desert sites of their templed cities—such is the great sad vision that arises from Mrs. Stewart Erskine's book on The Vanished Cities of Arabia. Her work is able and full of suggestion as well as of fact—she handles the difficult subject of the decline of pagan culture in its last home of refuge, with a fine sense of its proportions and significance, not only to the art and culture of today, but of its importance to an intelligent understanding of early Christianity and the arduous struggles of the fathers and founders of the Church amid the sunset splendors of heathen decay.

Protestant Christianity, by Thomas Chetwood. Philadelphia: Peter Reilly Company. $1.00.

IN the keen, incisive Jesuit manner, Father Chetwood discusses such questions as the virgin birth of Christ, Dr. Parks, modernist, Henry VIII and the Anglican church, Dean Inge, artist and Catholic apologist. He gives a remarkable display of fine rapier work that will appeal to dialectical minds which do not call for colored lights upon their concepts of truth. The author remembers always that he is in the arena, armed for an encounter to the finish. His book is admirable as a piece of polite polemic.

Pax, a quarterly published by the Benedictines of Caldey Abbey, maintains, in its winter edition, the high standard of this little review for articles of an orginial and suggestive character. In an article on Christian Courtesy, "Deicola" deplores the passing of old forms of respect in speech and writing that were often, as in the old Spanish superscription "I kiss your hands," exaggerated, but which, none the less, were the outward sign of an inward regard for other people's susceptibilities. Mr. Allen Sinclair Will's Life of Cardinal Gibbons is reviewed sympathetically, and he is proposed as a typical representative of American education and ideals whom Europeans would be well advised to take into account. There are some interesting paragraphs on the rather enigmatic figure of Father Adrian Fortescue, the authority on liturgy and eastern rites, who died a year ago, worn out prematurely by his immense labors of scholarship and the duties of a large parish with whose faithful discharge nothing was ever allowed to conflict. Eric Gill, the artist and member of the Third Order of Saint Dominic, further elucidates his economic theories, foreseeing the "diminution and eventually the abandonment of capitalism" as a corollary to the growth of the Church's mission of social salvation. The building up of Caldey Abbey, stone by stone at the hands of its faithful monks, goes steadily forward. It is a pleasant vision indeed, upon which to close the eyes in the stress and turmoil of mechanized life, this of a community in post-war England realizing the life and craftsmanship of the ages of faith when work was done by "hammer and hand."

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"I am growing absent-minded," said Dr. Angelicus, as he pulled off his gloves, noticing for the first time that he had one brown one and one grey one.

"Don't worry about that," said Hereticus, "for there is always so much that it is best not to remember."

"I am not worrying—on the contrary, I am rejoicing," replied the Doctor enigmatically.

"Rejoicing!" exclaimed Miss Brynmarian. "That is very distressing—for I had hoped that you would recognize the need for reform in this matter, and would be more careful in composing your literary notes. Last week you included under the heading 'Best Books of 1925,' a note on Pilgrim's Progress—and we had to reset a whole galley in consequence. Rejoicing in your absent-mindedness! Alas, we can then hope for no improvement."

"Absent-mindedness," discoursed the Doctor, "like many another deprecated quality, has many advantages, and is sometimes quite an asset."

"You mean it is convenient at times to be able to forget an uninteresting dinner engagement?" asked the Editor.

"More than that," replied Angelicus. "Haven't you read in the papers recently of the charming German professor, dean of philosophy at Leipzig University?" Doctor Angelicus pulled a clipping from his pocket and read—

" 'The dean was alone in his library when a visitor was announced. It was a new professor at the university, who was calling in accordance with German etiquette, to announce his readiness to begin work. The dean chatted with him for about ten minutes and suddenly arose, took up his hat, bowed and exclaimed—'Excuse me, sir, for taking up so much of your time.' He then left his own home under the delusion that it was he who was paying the visit.' "

"Oh, to have the reputation of being absent-minded!" sighed the Editor, "and thus to minimize the bore hazard without appearing impolite."

"Exactly," said the Doctor. "No wonder this clever professor is a dean."

"It seems to me," remarked the Editor, "that the young professor who had his visit thus abruptly terminated should have sent the dean of philosophy a note the next day to this effect:—'I see there are more things in heaven and earth, my dear Professor, than are suspected in your philosophy.' "

"But apparently," remarked the Doctor, "the dean was not the originator of the idea, for according to Schuyler N. Warren, Jr., writing to the New York World—'The method

(*Continued on page 364*)

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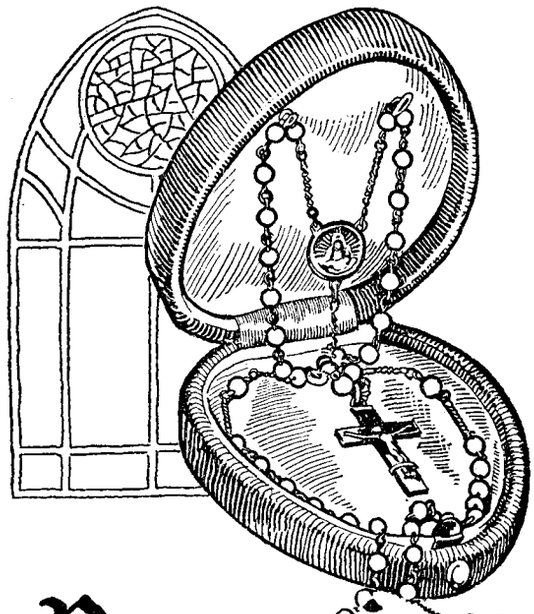

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. . . was one used by Lord Morley when Secretary of State for India. A caller was advising Lord Morley at great length as to how to govern India. Finally, after a series of platitudes, Lord Morley, who had displayed marked attention and patience toward his visitor, suddenly held out his hand and said: 'I thank you, Mr. Jones, but I feel I have no right to occupy any more of your valuable time.' This story is related by John H. Morgan in his book on Lord Morley.' "

"Ah," sighed the Doctor, "it was all very well for Lord Morley in India, and for the professor in Leipzig—both romantically ancient and distant lands where the unexpected is always expected to happen—where conventions are made to be broken and their breach regarded as more charming than irregular. America is too young for such a happy attitude. If the professor followed such methods here, he would be in danger of losing his job."

"Speaking of lands where the impossible is possible," said the Editor, "Cyril B. Egan has recently sent me an anecdote relative to the new manner of conducting courtships in Italy."

"Oh, please read it," exclaimed Miss Brynmarian. "I'm just trying to make up my mind whether to go to Italy or Florida this winter."

"This may help you then," replied the Editor, as he began:—

" 'It happened on a sunkist garden bench in romantic, aromatic, impossible Italy.

" 'Promise me,' he said, his cheek pressed close to hers, 'that you will never marry me!'

" 'The maiden started. 'Distanzio—this is so sudden!'

" 'No, no, my dear Absentia; from the very first day we met, I knew that of all people it was you that I would never wish to be my wife.' He raised her hands to his lips, and kissed them hungrily. 'Ah dear, you will promise me—'

" 'Promise you?' she repeated, dreamily bridging his pause.

" 'That whatever mad proposal of matrimony the future whimsey of romance may evoke from my lips, you will refuse it—gently, firmly refuse it.'

" 'This is a very important matter, Distanzio. Why do you press me for an immediate answer?'

" 'Because I am but in the first stages of passion, Absentia; and in the advance stages one never knows what irresponsible things he will be saying next. We two love each other far too much ever to lose our love. As one, we should be the hostile elements of a combustible compound. Say then the sweet words that will make us irrevocably two—loveably and unconnubially, two!'

" 'She meekly bowed her head, the maiden blushes mantling her cheek.

" 'Yes; I will never marry you . . . Distanzio!'

" 'Absentia!'

" 'My lovely, enchanting Distanzio!'

" 'My fonder, fondest Absentia!'

" 'They kissed ecstatically, and held each other in a long and loving embrace.' "

* * *

"I think," said Miss Brynmarian, reflectively, "that it will be Florida after all."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

The title page and index for volume II of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volumes I and II in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the office of The Commonweal.

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